THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE,

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interefting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For NOVEMBER, 1797.

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Embellifhed with a fpirited Engraving of HORNPIPE leaving over Pepper-pot, his Rider, and the Farmer's Son at Lincoln Races; and a beautiful Etching of the FOX HOUND, one of a feries of Plates of Dogs ufed in hunting animals of fport in England.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And fold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; John Hilton, at Newmarket; and by every Bookfeller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Some apology is due to the Author of a Letter inserted in our 57th Number, containing Hints for the Improvement of the Breed of Horses, and a Plan for the regulation of County Plates, for not answering his Letter as desired; better however late than never; a copy of the Magazine is sent to the place named in our Correspondent's Letter.

We shall avail ourselves of the hint respecting Fishing.

Mr. R.'s communications will always be acceptable.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For NOVEMBER, 1797.

THE ROYAL CHACE.

THE deer turned out before his Majeſty's hounds at Yew-tree corner, on Tueſday, October 31, after an excellent run of three hours, was taken at Farnham, in Surrey.

On Saturday, November 4, the deer was turned out on Tower Hill; after a very ſevere run over the incloſures of Bagſhot, Windleſham, and Chobham, he was taken at Ralph Leyceſter's, Eſq. Hall-place. One of the attendants, by the ground giving way with his horſe in the act of leaping, was precipitated into a ditch at leaſt ſeven feet deep, with his horſe upon him; but by immediate aſſiſtance, he was got out without having received any apparent hurt.

On Tueſday, November 7, a deer was turned out at Tower-hill, which ran near thirty miles; the fog being very thick at ſtarting, he turned himſelf round in the foreſt, and ran in among the horſemen cloſe to the King: the hounds, however, ſoon coming up with him, he ſet off with great ſpeed through the foreſt, towards Oakingham; being purſued for ſome time along the Reading Road, he was at laſt taken near the village of Hurſt.

The King's harriers hunted on Saturday, November 11, at Cookham, in the neighbourhood of Maidenhead, accompanied by the moſt eminent and diſtinguiſhed gentlemen in that diſtrict; when drawing up to the ſpot where a hare had been found ſitting, they approached juſt in time to ſee the deadly level of a gun deſtroy her in her form; and that inſtrument of deſtruction dexterouſly aimed by the ſon of a clergyman, ſome time ſince called to the bar, who, it is believed, never preſumed to plead but once, and that in an unfortunate horſe cauſe of his father's, in which no great celebrity on one ſide, or popularity on the other, was ſuppoſed to have been obtained. From the landed qualification of the father, we believe no action can be ſupported againſt the ſon: but we doubt not the *action* will ſufficiently *report itſelf* for a ſeries of years to come, with all the odium that can be beſtowed upon an act which every ſportſman holds in the greateſt execration. After the confuſion ſubſided, which this unexpected tranſaction had occaſioned, the hounds drew off to another quarter, enjoyed good running, and killed in high ſtile.

[Although we give admiſſion to the above article we like not the aſperity of it. Perhaps the gentleman who ſhot the hare was not apprized that the hounds were leading to where it was ſitting: if he was, and knew that the hare had been found for the pack, it was a moſt unhandſome thing: but, on the contrary, if he knew nothing of it, he was warranted in killing his game, maugre the King's, and all other harriers in the kingdom. As to the high treaſon of *ſhooting* a hare, it is a farce; every gentleman is

not obliged to keep greyhounds, or a pack of harriers; and when he wants a hare, how is he to obtain it, but by ſhooting?]

On Tueſday the 14th of November, after waiting till twelve o'clock, in a fruitleſs hope of ſeeing diſperſed one of the thickeſt fogs almoſt ever experienced, the Deer was turned out, and the hounds ſoon laid on—impoſſible for any hound to be ſeen at more than twenty yards diſtance—happy for him who had the *fleeteſt horſe*, and equally happy for thoſe who had the *beſt ears* to "ſhrill echo," and beſt knew the country; for going directly acroſs the Heath to Hannikin's Lodge, and bearing to the right by Wokingham, the major part of the field were literally in *every* direction, "ſcattered to all the winds of Heaven." The *ſtragglers* were enquiring *in vain* at every farm and cottage, with the moſt impatient vociferation, "which way are the hounds gone?" but no information could be derived by the various unfortunates, who had no alternative but to explore their different habitations in a "darkneſs viſible," with the moſt philoſophic reſignation, while the more fortunate few, who firſt *laid in* with, and *ſtuck* to the hounds, continued their *racing burſt* of emulation to Aſhridge Wood, over Broad Common and to Hurſt, where they ran up to him, after an uninterrupted hour and half of the moſt complete *breaſt-high hunting* ever ſeen by the oldeſt ſportſman in the field.

On Saturday the 18th, upon his Majeſty's arrival at half paſt ten, with the uſual attendants, the little ball harrier called Sir Henry Gott, was turned out before a field of three ſcore horſemen, having Lady Lade and Miſs Duffield, (admirably mounted) literally at their head; taking a circle completely roun Swinley Lodge, and making Sunning Hill Bog, he turned to the left, paſſed all the ponds and Winkfield Row, Brock Hill, Nuptown, and to Folijambe Park, in the way to which, the ſwamps being midleg deep, interſected with innumerable dangerous drains of deep clay, ſoon reduced the original ſixty to *nine* or *ten*; in the midſt of whom were the Ladies, in ſuch ſtile, of both courage and ability, as not to be exceeded by any Lady Saliſbury of the paſt, preſent, or future century. From Folijambe incloſures, he turned to the common by New Lodge, and through the moſt dreadful and indeſcribable precipices, ſwamps and deep clays, between Glouceſter Lodge and Winkfield Plain: in the general ſtruggle at this ſpot, where the ſtrongeſt horſes could with difficulty get out of, or over the ground, numbers influenced by humanity to their horſes, and others by the *loſs* of *ſhoes*, fell off in different directions. Here his Majeſty, with his attendants, were three miles behind, the chace being continued by Glouceſter Lodge, Clewer Green, Dedworth, and acroſs the Thames near Surly Hall; the hounds, and thoſe who were with them, came to Windſor to croſs at the bridge, when ſome by chance, and others by enquiry, again fell in, who had not indulged a hope of renewing the chace. Having laid on the hounds near Boveney, and continuing the ſcent towards Slough, information ſoon reached them, that the deer had nearly forty minutes before trotted round the village, and very deliberately walked into a chaiſe-houſe, where they had ſecured him by ſhutting the door; when the hounds being brought up, he was produced (according to cuſtom) bowing obedience to the perſevering power and inſtinctive ſuperiority of the pack. It muſt be with ſtrict juſtice obſerv-

ed,

ed, that by the hounds coming to Windſor to croſs the Thames, numbers had the credit of being in at the taking of the deer, who had never ſeen a hound for ten or twelve miles of the chace. It is a fact, that the country could never have been more *deep* or *dangerous* in the memory of man.

The Royal Chace of Tueſday, November 21, (ſo erroneouſly repreſented in ſome of the daily prints) was diverſified by ſuch a complication of incidents, conſtituting a ſcene ſo different from what it has been our province hitherto to recite, that we cannot reſiſt the temptation of going a little out of our way, to prove the ſuperiority of our information, and the accuracy of our deſcription, when oppoſed to the *imaginary* purſuits and *fertile* fabrications ſo *ſportingly* pourtrayed by thoſe who ſeem deſtined *to hunt* only the *hearſay* news of the metropolis. Under ſanction of the moſt unſullied authenticity, we venture to pronounce it the moſt ſevere chace of the ſeaſon for the time it laſted. The ſtag being turned out at Tower Hill, and the hounds laid on with very little delay, (the ſcent laying well) they gave him no time to ſtop, but preſſing him by the Parks of South Hill and Eaſthampſtead, at the top of their ſpeed, they ſet *at defiance* every endeavour of Johnſon, Goſden, and Nottidge, to ſtop them, and went away with their game in a ſtile *beggaring all deſcription*; paſſed Hannikin's Lodge, and reached the ridges of Finchampſtead; turned to the right, paſſed through Barkham, over Toutley Common and Bill Hill to Broad Common, where they were headed and ſtopt for the firſt time, after a moſt ſevere and diſtreſſing burſt of an hour, when the major part of the company were not only miles in the *back ground*, but almoſt *off* the *canvas*. The horſes were more diſtreſſed, and more ſevere falls were obſerved in this burſt, than ever were known upon any ſimilar occaſion. His Majeſty, with a profuſion of *ſlow-going* gentry, did not get up to the hounds till the ſtop had laſted twenty minutes, when they were again let looſe, and going away breaſt high, paſſed through Billingbear, the Hazes, Shottiſbrook Great Covert, and Waltham Common, where, catching a view, they ſoon run into him near the Windmill, after a moſt capital run of two hours, in which very hard running was encountered, and great gratification enjoyed by thoſe few whoſe ſpeed and courage enabled them to lay near the hounds. In paſſing near Billingbear, Lady Lade had a moſt ſevere fall, which was reported to have fractured her arm, and diſlocated her wriſt. She was immediately ſupported to the ſeat of Lord Braybrooke, where chirurgical aſſiſtance was obtained, and ſhe was conveyed in a poſt-chaiſe to her own reſidence the ſame evening; though the editors of the daily prints kindly remounted her immediately, and brought her in third at the concluſion of the chace.

On Saturday, November 25, his Majeſty, attended by the Earls of Weſtmorland and Cheſterfield, and Lord Cathcart, came to Tower-hill, about half paſt ten o'clock: after the uſual ceremony of the French horns, the deer was uncarted; and leaving Swinley on the right, he went round South-hill Park, and by Ramſlade to Long-hill, over Chavey-down to Cranbourn Wood, and into Sunninghill Park; where, after an excellent run of an hour and an half, he was taken unhurt.

THE

THE FOX HOUND.

A Continuation of a Series of DOGS *used in* HUNTING, *and of* ANIMALS *usually* HUNTED *in* ENGLAND.

WE have nothing here to observe, except, that in proceeding in our series of Etchings, the present subject is the FOX HOUND.

Those who have taste for the free stroke displayed in this Copper Plate, will be highly gratified; Mr. Hewit the Artist, is always equal to himself in the delineation of Sporting subjects; and we content ourselves in the confidence of his efforts, continuing to receive that approbation to which his merit gives him so fair a claim.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AN erroneous statement of the circumstances of a dispute and duel, that had taken place at Bristol on the 17th instant, between Lieutenant Colonel Sykes, and Mr. C. F. Williams, having appeared in the Bristol Papers, immediately after Mr. Williams's apology, we, the undersigned, seconds in the affair, think it proper to insert the following statement of facts:

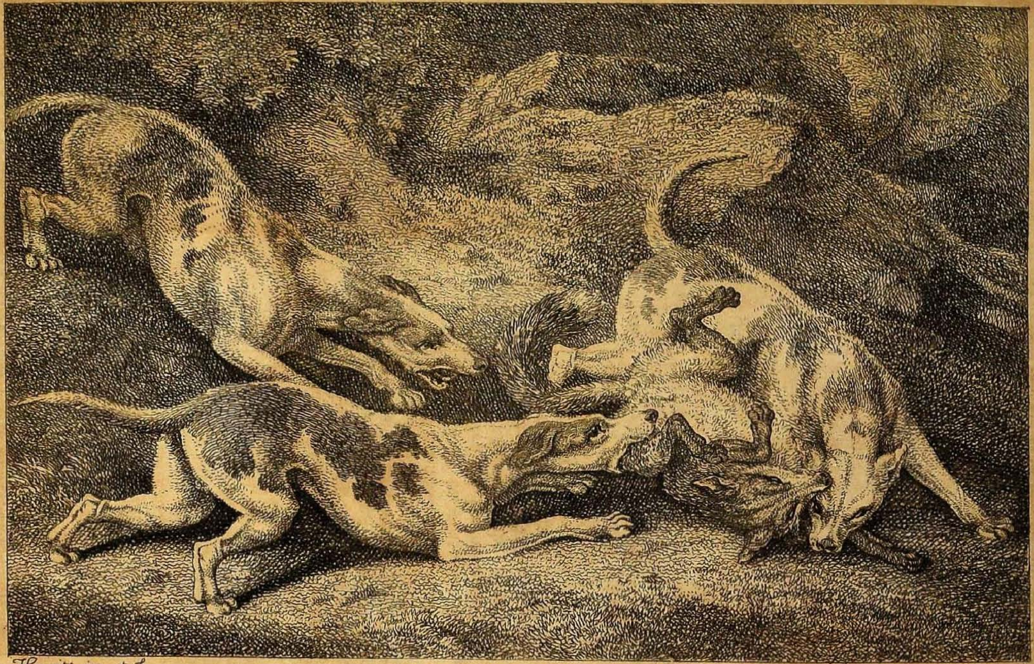
On the 11th instant, a letter was addressed to the Printer of Farley's Bristol Journal, signed Trim, which Colonel Sykes conceived reflected on his conduct.

On enquiring of the Printer, he was informed that Mr. Williams was the author. The next day after this information, Colonel Sykes met Mr. Williams in College Green, and asked him if he was the author of that letter, at the same time shewing him the paper; Mr. Williams replied in the affirmative; the Colonel then asked him if he alluded to him in that letter; he replied, he did in a part of it; when the Colonel immediately struck him several times.

On the Friday morning following, a meeting took place between the parties, in consequence of a message received by the Lieutenant Colonel from Mr. Williams; and at their arrival on the ground, it was agreed that Colonel Sykes and Mr. Williams should stand at ten paces distance, and fire together, on a word being given; the ground being measured, they took their posts and fired accordingly, when Colonel Sykes's ball passed through Mr. Williams's cravat, waistcoat, and cape of his coat; Mr. Williams missed the Colonel. On the second discharge, the Lieutenant Colonel received a ball through his foot, the Colonel's ball having passed close under the brim of Mr. Williams's hat. At the third fire, Mr. Williams's pistol snapped, and the Colonel slightly wounded him in the groin. The next discharge, the Colonel was shot through the pocket of his coat, and Mr. Williams was missed.

The Seconds then interferred, when it was determined, with the consent of Mr. Williams, that he should make Colonel Sykes an apology in the public papers, and in consequence of that apology, Colonel Sykes should apologize to him in College Green, before two or three only of his friends, for having struck him, as soon as his surgeon will permit him to come out.

We think it necessary to add, that although the Colonel was shot through the foot at the second fire, he



Howitt in. et f.

THE FOX HOUND.

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he concealed it from us, and did not make it known until the affair was satisfactorily settled.

JOHN ALGEO, } Seconds.
ROBERT CANE, }

Mr. C. F. WILLIAMS apologizes to Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, for having inserted a letter addressed to the Printer of Felix Farley's Bristol Paper, of the 11th of November instant, reflecting on the Lieutenant-Colonel, and now disclaims having the most remote intention to injure Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes's character by so doing. And he does hereby authorise the Printer to insert this apology in the same Paper. Dated this 17th day of November, 1797.

CHARLES FRED. WILLIAMS.

We assert this to be a true Copy of the Paper signed by Mr. C. F. Williams.

ROBERT CANE.
JOHN ALGEO.

The following is the Letter addressed to Felix Farley's Bristol Paper, as mentioned in the above account.—The particulars of Colonel Sykes's conduct, that gave rise to it, we are unacquainted with.

MR. PRINTER,

SIR,

YOU are, no doubt, well acquainted with the circumstances of an altercation that was excited a few evenings since at the Assembly Room Concert. Nothing tends so directly to disturb the public repose and social order of a city, as the misconduct of those, whose indubitable duty it is to watch over the one, and to promote the other.—The peace and unanimity of a large commercial town, is ever an object of importance; but at a crisis like the present, it is peculiarly so! they only can despise, or look with indifference on the hazard of such an extensive benefit, who have either no reputation to lose, or who, from depravity or incapacity dread, or are incompetent to reflection.—There are men who are weak, and some who are daring enough to suppose, that a respectable post, or the mere accident of birth, has a magic effect to conceal, or absolve acts of enormity, for which persons in a different situation are amenable to the severest retribution and punishment.

They imagine, that like Heathen Deities, they may enter places of innocence and peace, "enveloped in a cloud," their grossness thus rendered invisible, injuring and polluting its inhabitants "unwhipt of justice." To bid the messengers of shame and confusion flush and embarrass the cheek of modesty, or to aim dastardly blows at the feeling of those who are respectable, though not exalted, bespeaks an outlaw of worth, and a deserter from the ranks of reputable life. There are those who, by the suavity of their manners, and the possession of mitigating virtues, are pardoned by the lenient voice of a prepossessed audience, for actions which, in themselves, and judged abstractedly, are offensive to private morals, and detrimental to the public welfare; but who will pardon, who can palliate an atrocious defiance of public decorum, repeated insult of individual feeling, contamination of morals, and the pernicious venom of bad example, in one who is deficient in manners to fascinate, and who, if he possess peculiar virtues, must arraign the world for injustice, since the tongue of report holds a Lethean silence respecting them?

"This

"This one man only meets our just offence,
"Whom chance gave wealth, and wealth
"gave impudence!"

It is to be lamented, as one of the imperfections of man, which FATE seems to have—

——"Buckled on his back
"To bear the evil, whether he will or no."

That HE sustains prosperity, or exaltation, with the greatest pride, who gained the former from blind CHANCE, and with the most unsufferable vanity, who procured the latter without MERIT. The pusillanimity and criminal forbearance of those who permit atrocious acts of indecorum, and the dictatorial acts of low-bred pride, are inferior in guilt to him only, who is in the habitual commission of both.—It is unpleasant to concede to pride, in its most pleasing shape, decked and illumed by the gems of merit, and encircled with a blaze of reputation; but to tolerate pride, that like its native muck, fume, and smokes, and emits not a spark of fire, demonstrates a want of manhood, and a lamentable absence of virtue. Should any man, feeling tender at the perusal of these reflections, express himself desirous of ascertaining the author, you will oblige me by furnishing him with my address.

I am, Sir,
With respect, your's,
TRIM.

A Bristol Volunteer, 2d Company.
Bristol, Nov. 8, 1797.

A TRIP TO THE NORE.

AFTER the play at Drury-lane Theatre, on Thursday night, November 9, a new Musical Entertainment, called A TRIP TO THE NORE, from the sprightly pen of Mr. Franklin, was presented, for the first time, and went off with universal and reiterated bursts of applause.—It is a very pleasant trifle, enriched with some beautiful scenes of Greenwich, the Nore, the departure of the Royal yachts, and a view of the British ships and the Dutch prizes. The dialogue, although evidently written with much haste, is lively and humourous, and abounds in sentiments of chaste loyalty and honest patriotism. The visit to the Nore exhibit many whimsical characters; and a drunken Greenwich pensioner, who is called the *Yellow Admiral*, (Bannister) affords an infinity of laughable entertainment. Among other pleasantries, he says, that he was drunk for a whole month on the occasion of the victory of the first of June; Admiral Jervis's gallant exploit kept him in a state of inebriety for three weeks; and he has never been sober since the late glorious affair of Admiral Duncan. He adds, that if the British Admirals go on beating the enemy in the same manner, it will be impossible for him to get sober during the remainder of the war.

The following air, beautifully set by Mr. Lindley, and charmingly sung by Mrs. Bland, was highly applauded:—

The night was dark, the angry waves
Prepar'd for many wat'ry graves,
When faithful Donald said, I go,
Mary, to meet my country's foe.
Adieu, Mary—Mary, adieu,
My love and courage are true blue,
Mary, adieu.

I clasp'd his hand, I sobb'd and cry'd,
His manly bosom heav'd—he sigh'd,
I go, Mary, said he, I go,
Mary, to meet my country's foe.
Adieu, Mary—Mary, adieu,
My love and courage are true blue,
Mary, adieu.

He went, and now the war's began,
Which ruthless spares nor maid nor man;
Why, faithful Donald, did you roam?
Perhaps, ah me! to meet your doom.
Adieu, Donald—Donald, adieu,
My love for thee shall prove true blue,
Donald, adieu.

THE

THE HORSE FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 12.)

IT is of great imporiance to know the age of an horſe. The eye-pits of old horſes are commonly hollow: but this mark is equivocal; for young horſes begot by old ſtallions have likewiſe hollow eye-pits. The teeth afford the beſt criterion of the age of horſes. The horſe has, in all, forty teeth, viz. twenty-four grinders, four canine, or tuſhes, and twelve fore-teeth. Mares have either no dog-teeth, or very ſhort ones. The canine and fore-teeth only afford indications of the age. Five days after birth, the fore-teeth begin to ſhoot. Theſe firſt teeth are round, ſhort, and not very ſolid; and they fall out at different times, to be replaced by others. At two years and an half, the four middle fore-teeth fall out, two above and two below. The next year, other four are ſhed, one on each ſide of the firſt, which are now replaced. At four years and an half, other four fall out, always on each ſide of thoſe which were formerly ſhed and replaced. Theſe laſt four foal-teeth are ſucceeded by other four, which grow not near ſo quickly as the firſt eight. It is from theſe four, called corner teeth, that the age of a horſe is diſtinguiſhed; and they are eaſily known, being always the third, both above and below, reckoning from the middle to the extremity of the jaw. They are hollow, and have a black mark in their cavities. At four and an half, or five years, theſe teeth hardly riſe above the gums, and their cavities are very perceptible. At ſix years and an half, the cavities begin to fill up, and the mark gradually diminiſhes till the animal is ſeven and an half, or eight years, when the cavities are perfectly filled, and the mark totally effaced. After this period, the age is attempted to be diſcovered by the tuſhes or canine teeth. Theſe four teeth lie immediately adjacent to the other four above deſcribed. Neither the tuſhes nor grinders ſhed. At the age of three years and an half, the two tuſhes of the under jaw generally begin to ſhoot; the two of the upper jaw appear at the age of four, and, till ſix years be completed, they are very ſharp. At ten years, the tuſhes of the upper jaw ſeem to be blunted, worn out, and long, becauſe the gums retract with age; and the more this appearance takes place, the older is the horſe. From ten to thirteen or fourteen years, there are hardly any marks by which the age may be diſcovered. Some hairs of the eye-brows, indeed, begin to grow white; but this mark is equally equivocal as that derived from the depth of the eye-pits; for, it has been remarked, that horſes begot by old ſtallions and old mares, have white hairs in the eye-brows at the age of nine or ten. The teeth of ſome horſes are ſo hard, that they wear not by eating, and never loſe the black mark. But theſe horſes are eaſily known, becauſe the cavities of their teeth are perfectly filled up, and their tuſhes are very long*. The age of a horſe may likewiſe be known, though with leſs preciſion, by the bars or ridges of the palate, which are effaced in proportion as he advances in years.

At the age of two years, or two and an half, the horſe is in a condition to propagate; and the mares, like moſt other females, are ſtill ſooner ripe for this operation. But the foals produced from ſuch early embraces are weakly, or ill-formed.

* See l'Ecole de Cavalerie de M. de la Gueriniere, p. 25.

formed. The horse should never be admitted to the mare till he is four, or four and an half; and even this period is too early, except for coarse or draught horses. When fine horses are wanted, the male should not be admitted to the mare before he is six years old; and Spanish stallions, not till they be full seven. The mares may be one year younger: they generally come in season from the end of March to the end of June. But their chief ardour for the horse lasts not above fifteen days or three weeks; and, during this critical period, the mare should be admitted to the stallion. He ought to be sound, vigorous, well made, and of a good breed. To procure fine saddle-horses, foreign stallions, as Arabians, Turks, Barbs, and Andalousians, are preferable to all others. Next to these, British stallions are the best; because they originally sprung from those above mentioned, and are very little degenerated. Italian stallions, especially those of Naples, are extremely good. With mares of a proper size, they produce excellent horses for the saddle; and with strong large mares, they produce good coach horses. It is alledged, that in France, Britain, &c. the Arabian and Barbary stallions generally beget horses larger than themselves; and that those of Spain, on the contrary, produce a breed more diminutive. The best stallions for coach-horses are those of Naples, Denmark, Holstein, and Friesland. The stallions for saddle-horses should be four feet eight or ten inches *, and five feet †, at least, for coach-horses. Neither ought the colour of stallions to be overlooked, as a fine black, grey, bay, sorrel, &c. All party-coloured, or ill designed colours, ought to be banished from the stud, as well as every horse which has white extremities. Besides these external qualities, a stallion should be endowed with courage, tractability, and spirit; he should have agility, a sensible mouth, and sure limbs; his shoulders should be perfectly free, and his haunches supple; he should have a spring and elasticity in his whole body, especially in his hind legs; and he ought to be trained and dressed in the riding school. These precautions in the choice of a stallion are the more necessary, because it has been found by experience, that he communicates to his offspring almost all his good or bad qualities, whether natural or acquired. A horse naturally cross, skittish, restive, &c. produces foals of the same dispositions; and, as the defects of conformation and the vices of the humours are more certainly perpetuated than the qualities of the temper, one should reject from the stud every horse that is deformed or diseased, extremely vicious, glandered, broken-winded, frantic, &c.

In our climate, the mare contributes less to the beauty of her offspring than the stallion; but she contributes more, perhaps, to their stature and constitution. It is, therefore, of great importance, that mares for breed should be sound, tall, large, roomy in the trunk of the body, and good nurses. For elegant horses, Spanish and Italian mares are best; but, for draught horses, those of Britain and Normandy are preferable. However, when the stallions are good, fine horses may be produced from mares of any country, provided they be well made and of a good breed; for, if the mares have sprung from a bad stallion, their offspring are generally defective. In horses, as in the human species, the young very frequently resemble either their male or female predecessors;

* Fourteen hands and an half.

† Fifteen hands.

deceffors; only, it fhould appear, that, among the horfe kind, the female contributes lefs to the work of generation than in the human fpecies. The fon more frequently refembles his mother than the foal does the mare from which he is produced; and, when the foal happens to refemble his mother, the likenefs is generally confined to the anterior parts of the body, as the head and neck.

To judge of the refemblance of children to their parents, the comparifon ought not to be made till after the age of puberty. For, at this period, fo many changes take place, that a perfon, with whom we were formerly familiar, we fhould hardly, at firft fight, be able to diftinguifh. In the human fpecies, the fon, after puberty, often refembles the father, and the daughter the mother, and, not unfrequently, each retains a partial likenefs to both parents; and this family-likenefs is generally recognifable in uncles, aunts, and in every afcending or defcending branch. Among horfes, as the male contributes more to the offspring than the female, mares very frequently produce foals which have a great refemblance to the ftallion, or which always refemble the father more than the mother. And, even when the mare has been begot by a bad horfe, it often happens, that, though ferved by a good ftallion, and though handfome herfelf, her offfpring, though beautiful and well made at firft, gradually decline as they grow up; and other mares, fprung from a good race, produce foals, which, though they have an unpromifing afpect when young, improve as they advance in years.

Thefe facts, though they feem to concur in proving that the males have greater influence on the offfpring than the females, appear not to be fufficient to render this point altogether unqueftionable. It is by no means furprifing, that ftallions, which are always felected from a great number, generally imported from a warm climate, and fed and managed with the greateft care and circumfpection, fhould prevail, in the bufinefs of generation, over common mares, bred in a cold country, and often fubjected to hard labour. If mares were felected from warm climates, managed with equal attention, and ferved with the common ftallions of our own country, I have not the fmalleft doubt that, in this cafe, the fuperiority of the females would be equally apparent as that of the males; and, in general, that, among horfes, as well as the human fpecies, the influence of both parents, when placed in equal circumftances, is nearly the fame. What renders this opinion both more natural and more probable, is the well known fact, that, in ftuds, the number of females produced is equal to that of the males; which is a clear proof, that, with regard to fex at leaft, the female contributes her full proportion.

But, to return to our fubject. When the ftallion is chofen, and the mares are affembled, another ftone-horfe fhould be allowed to teaze them, for no other purpofe but to difcover thofe which are in feafon. Thofe that are not in proper condition repel his attacks. But, inftead of allowing him to proceed with the mares which are in feafon, he is led off, and the true ftallion is fubftituted in his place. This trial is chiefly ufeful for difcovering the condition of fuch mares as have never produced; for thofe which have produced are commonly in feafon nine days after their delivery, and may be fafely covered on the tenth day. Nine days after, their condition may be tried by the above proof, and, if ftill in feafon, they fhould be covered a fecond time, and fo on every ninth day, till

till their ardour abates, which happens a few days after conception. But, to conduct this matter properly, requires considerable attention and expence. The stud should be established on good ground, and its dimensions proportioned to the quantity of mares and stallions employed. This ground should be divided into several apartments, and well fenced with ditches or hedges. The impregnated mares, and those which are suckling their young, should have the richest pasture. Another enclosure, where the grass is less rich, should contain the uncovered mares, those that have not conceived, and the female foals; for a rich pasture makes them grow too fat, and weakens the generative faculty. Lastly, the young male foals and geldings should be confined to the driest and most unequal part of the ground, that, by ascending and descending the eminences, they may acquire a freedom in their limbs and shoulders. This last enclosure should be well fenced from that which contains the mares, to prevent the young horses from enervating themselves by premature efforts. If the field be sufficiently extensive, each of these enclosures should be divided into two, and grazed alternately by horses and oxen. This mode of grazing improves the pasture; for the ox repairs what is injured by the horse. Each park should likewise be furnished with a pond, which is better than a running water, and also with trees to shelter the animals from too much heat; but, to prevent accidents, all old stumps should be rooted out, and deep holes filled up. These pastures will afford sufficient nourishment to the stud during the summer; but, in winter, the mares and foals should be put into stables, and fed with hay, except in very fine weather, when they may be set out to pasture during the day. The stallions should be always kept in the stables, fed with a greater proportion of straw than of hay, and moderately exercised till the time of covering, which generally lasts from the beginning of April till the end of June. During this period, they should be fed plentifully, but with no other article than their ordinary food.

When the stallion is conducted to the mare, to augment his ardour, he should be well dressed. The mare should have the shoes taken off her hind feet; for some of them are apt to kick at the approach of the stallion. One man holds the mare by the head, and two others lead the stallion by long reins. When in a proper situation, he should be assisted by the hand, by turning aside the tail of the mare; for the opposition of a single hair might wound him in a dangerous manner. The stallion sometimes quits the mare without consummating. If the trunk of his tail near the crupper vibrates before he descends, we may be certain that he has consummated; for this motion always accompanies emission. After consummation, the act should not be reiterated; but he ought to be carried back immediately to the stable, there to remain two days: for, though a horse might be able to cover every day during the season, yet, if only admitted once in two days, he is both more vigorous and more successful. During the first seven days, therefore, let him have four different mares, and, on the ninth, let him again cover the first mare, and so on as long as they continue in season. When one of the mares ceases to be ardent, another should be substituted in her place; and, as many are impregnated at the first, second, or third time, a stallion, managed in this manner, may cover fifteen or eighteen mares, and produce ten or twelve foals, during the three months that these amours continue. Stallions throw out a vast profusion of seminal fluid; mares likewise emit, or rather distil, a fluid during the

time

time they are in ſeaſon; and, as ſoon as they are pregnant, theſe emiſſions ceaſe. This fluid was called *Hippomanes* by the Greeks; and of it they are ſaid to have made love-potions, which rendered horſes, in particular, frantic with deſire. The hippomanes is totally different from the fluid found in the membranes that cover the foal, which was firſt diſcovered and deſcribed by M. Daubenton *. The appearances of the hippomanes is the moſt certain mark of ardour in mares. This paſſion may likewiſe be diſcovered by the ſwelling of the under part of the vulva, and by the frequent neighing of the mares, who, at this period, have a ſtrong deſire of approaching the horſe. After a mare has been covered, ſhe may be led to the paſture without any other precaution. The firſt foal is always more puny than the ſubſequent ones: to compenſate this defect, a mare ſhould be ſerved, for the firſt time, with a large ſtallion. The differences in the figures of the horſe and mare ſhould be attended to, in order to correct the faults of the one by the perfections of the other; and no diſproportioned conjunctions ought to be admitted, as of a ſmall horſe and a large mare, or of a large horſe and a ſmall mare; for the produce of ſuch conjunctions will either be ſmall or ill-proportioned. In order to improve nature, we muſt advance by gradual ſteps: a plump but handſome horſe, for example, may be admitted to a mare that is too groſs, a ſmall mare to a horſe a little taller, a mare with a bad fore-hand to a horſe with a fine head, neck, &c.

It has been remarked, that ſtuds kept in dry light ſoils produce active, nimble, and vigorous horſes, with nervous limbs and ſtrong hoofs; while thoſe kept in moiſt ground, and in too rich paſturage, have generally large heavy heads, groſs bodies, thick legs, bad hoofs, and broad feet. It is eaſy to perceive that theſe differences proceed from the varieties in climate and food. But the neceſſity of croſſing the breed, to prevent the degeneration of horſes, is more difficult to underſtand, and of more importance to be known.

(To be continued.)

* Mem de l'Acad des Sciences, anneé, 1751.

AGRICULTURE.

REPORT FOR OCTOBER.

THE almoſt unexampled prevalence of wet and cold weather has ſtill operated very unfavourably for the different purpoſes of the practical farmer. It has proved extremely detrimental to the getting in of the concluding harveſt, eſpecially in the more northern counties, and retarded in a conſiderable degree the ſowing of wheat. Indeed, except on dry, gravelly, and ſome loamy ſoils, little is, we believe, yet ſown. This being the caſe in the northern, we are fearful that in the more ſouthern parts of the kingdom it muſt be ſtill worſe. Hence, unleſs a dry ſeaſon ſhould almoſt immediately take place, the proſpect of the ſucceeding crop of wheat muſt be gloomy. Conſidering the uncommon wetneſs of the ſeaſon, the harveſt has however been ſecured, with much leſs damage than might have been expected.

In ſome parts of Scotland, and in the county of Northumberland, the wheat of the preſent crop has been found to be much coarſer, and leſs in quantity, than in thoſe of former years: but the barley, and oat crops, have proved better than that of the wheat. Turnips and potatoes, though in common good crops, in ſome inſtances have not proved ſo favourable as might have been ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed from their promiſing appearance. The price of grain, in general, is however, on the decline, both in the London and provincial markets. This may, probably, in ſome degree, be attributed to the great importations from the grain countries of the Baltic. At Mark-lane, on Monday, wheat advanced a ſhilling per quarter. The average of England and Wales, by the return of the 21ſt, was, for wheat, 59s. 1d.; for barley, 32s. 10d.

Fat cattle, ſheep, and hogs, are ſtill high, and, conſequently, the variation in the price of butchers' meat, cannot be very great. The demands for lean cattle are alſo increaſing; but ſheep for wintering, and horſes, ſeem to be ſomewhat lower in value. Beef ſold on Monday laſt in Smithfield, from 3s. to 4s. 2d: and mutton, from 3s. 4d. to 4s. per ſtone of 8lb. ſinking the offal.

The hop-market is very quick for good, but very dull for inferior hops. Pockets ſell at Canterbury, from 90s. to 110s.—Choice 115s.—Bags 70s. to 90s.—Fine 102s.—The hop fair at Weyhill, was well attended, but from the unfavourable weather which accompanied the picking time, few ſamples of fine hops were exhibited; theſe, however, were readily ſold. The middling and inferior ſorts, were alſo diſpoſed of, forming a total quantity of not leſs than 9000 pockets. The prices were from 5l to 9l. and a few fine ſamples produced 10l.

SECOND REPORT.

The late crop of Wheat in moſt diſtricts riſes but indifferently, and the ſamples in general are thin and cold. The Oats are likewiſe found defective for the bulk of ſtraw, particularly in the Fen countries, where the produce was expected to be abundant. Barley turns out the beſt crop of the year, both in quality and quantity. The ſeaſon for Wheat ſowing has been highly favourable to all ſoils and countries. The well trimmed clover-leys, and clean bean and pea eddiſhes, never worked better for the ſeed. The early plants, from the genial ſhowers which have prevailed, ſhew themſelves quick and regular; and but little complaint is heard of the *wire-worm* and *ſlug* at this critical ſeaſon: the general ſowing of the iſland, however, is unuſually backward, from the want of hands.—The *dibbling* ſyſtem is rapidly extending itſelf.—Clover-ſeed proves but a moderate crop, and that not well harveſted.—The proſpect for early ſpring-feed is very promiſing.—Turnips continue full of growth; and the Rye and Tare lands are ſtrongly planted.—The Rape for ſeed on good clean tilthed ſoils is every where luxuriant.—The aggregate of the fallowed lands, throughout the principal diſtricts, evidently diſcovers a falling off from the good ploughing huſbandry of the laſt year; but this, it is hoped, is to be attributed only to a temporary ſcarcity of workmen.

The Graziers generally complain of the diſproportion of prices between their *fat* and *lean* ſtock.—Smithfield has been abundantly ſupplied through the month with good Beef and Mutton, and indeed all other kinds of meat.—The daily increaſe of all kinds of Pork has occaſioned this general plenty, and begins to operate effectually even in a reduction of the exorbitant price of lean cattle!—The Wool trade has again declined; fine fleeces of the ſhort kinds are fallen near 1d. per pound ſince our laſt Report.—Hops keep their Weyhill prices, and would be dearer, if money was leſs ſcarce.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS FROM THE NEW COMEDY OF CHEAP LIVING.

Scene, in the First Act, a Farm House, and veiw of the Sea.

Enter Stella.

Stel. SO—while my guardian and his wife are engaged in their new occupations of steward and housekeeper, I've stole forth to visit my dear Elinor.—I wonder what can induce a girl of her rank and fortune to live in this sequestered spot; but whenever I touch on the subject, I see it agitates her, and therefore I'll distress her no more:—ha!—somebody's coming—I'll enter the house, and, in partaking her society, enjoy the only gratification I now know.

[*Exit into the Farm House.*

Enter Mr. Scatter, *and* Elinor Bloomly.

Scat. I tell you you're the very thing—I'm going a dull journey, and want an agreeable companion in a post-chaise—come now—I'll bring you safe back, and we'll have such a loving excursion——

Elinor. This from a stranger!—leave me, I insist, Sir.

Scat. You're wrong—upon my soul, you're wrong: for I give you fair notice—I never failed with a woman in my life; and in this retired spot, where we both want society—

Elinor. I want no society—I am dependent on myself, and feel more happiness in a quiet communion with my own heart, than in the noisy intercourse of mankind.—I dare to live alone.

Scat. Dare to live alone!—'gad! that's bold work; for though I'm very fond of myself, I can't stay a moment by myself.

Elinor. No, Sir—because you have perhaps committed actions you cannot bear to reflect on; and therefore you fly to dissipation—game, drink, and insult unprotected women, only to keep yourself from yourself.—Go on, Sir; and to loss of peace, add loss of health, and at last, loss of sense and honour.

Scat. Loss of sense!

Elinor. Aye: how oft is madness the result of vice?—I have myself committed errors never to be obliterated; but I sought not relief by heaping crime on crime—no—I have combated misfortune by penitence, resignation, and dignified retirement. Farewell, Sir, and copy my example.

[*Exit into Farm House.*

Scat. Well said morality—well said Joseph!—Aye: I see through all this—this is some girl who has passed a month or two at the neighbouring watering place, where, by reading novels all the morning, and rattling the dice-box all the evening, her mind has been so completely debauched, that the first man that attacked her, found the business ready done to his hands—oh! ten marching regiments won't corrupt so many women in twenty years, as one watering place will in one summer—however, she has confessed her guilt, and therefore—— [*As he is entering the house, Farmer Cole meets him.*

Farm. Well! who beest thou? and what do'st thee want?

Scat. Want!—I want that pretty girl—

Farm. Rot'un—I thought so—like the rest of the young Esquires hereabout! all hunting after my new lodger.

Scat. Your lodger!

Farm. Yees:—she landed here from France—her father died at Montpelier, and so she lodges at my house, till her brother do come to fetch her home.

Scat. Her brother fetch her!—and pray who the devil's he?

Farm. Why, I think she do call him Sir Edward Bloomly.

Scat. Sir Edward!—a baronet's sister!—ha! ha!—well said Joseph again!

again!—I know the young profligate.

Farm. Do ye?—well!—it do puzzle me how his ſiſter ſhould travel alone from foreign parts: but ſhe ſays her ſervant died on the road—and then ſhe pays me my rent—that's all I care about—ſhe pays me my money.

Scat. She pays!—pooh!—Sir Edward pays. Don't you ſee ſhe's in keeping?—and therefore, as I want a companion in a poſt-chaiſe, I'll go and convince her—

Farm. [*ſtopping him.*] Softly—before you paſs the gate, wo'n't you pay the toll-gatherer?

Scat. Hah!—what do you mean?

Farm. Mean!—that I do live within two miles of a ſea-bathing town; and when a Londoner do come amongſt us, we make it a rule that he ſha'n't walk, talk, or breathe, without paying handſomely for it.

Scat. Indeed!—that's very kind of you.

Farm. We mean it ſo—we mean it kind: for we do know you bring a certain ſum to lay out in jaunting and idleneſs; and the ſooner that's god rid of, the ſooner you go home to your families and buſineſs.

Scat. True: and the ſooner I diſpoſe of the depoſit money, the ſooner I ſhall return to my wife and the ſquire.—So—here—and now for the baronet's ſiſter.

Farm. Hauld—hauld—there be company with her now; but if you come in the evening, ſhe'll be alone.

Scat. Right—and I've no carriage ready—ſo I'll go to the town—get my dinner, and return in two hours—hah—who comes here?

Coachman. [*without.*] Our fare, maſter—we will have our fare.

Spunge [*without.*] There—can you change a hundred pound note, you ſcoundrels?

Farm. [*aſide.*] Change a hundred pound note!—why, it can't be—yees, it is!—[*looking out*]—the very fellow who laſt ſummer introduced himſelf to me and my wife; and though we laboured night and day to get him out of our houſe, icod! he did breakfaſt, dine, and ſup wi' us for a whole month together.

Spunge [*without.*] Natural enough—no change?—I owe it you—I owe it you.

Farm. There—he owes it them—he can't pay the fare of his ſtage coach, and is coming to borrow of me—how ſhall I ſhake the raſcal off?—I have it—I'll fix him on the Londoner [*aſide*]—Sir, do'ſt know this gentleman?

Scat. Not I—he ſeems a ſtrange creature—who is he?

Farm. His name be Spunge—he be ſon of one of your London tradesfolk, and is ſo good tempered—tells ſuch ſtories, and ſings ſuch ſongs, that he be welcome every where! Then he'll ſhew thee how to live cheap!

Scat. Will he?—that's the very thing I want to know—I'll talk to him.

Farm. Doey—doey—ha! ha!—I've got rid of him—ha! ha!—I'll mark the end on't—I'll ſee one cockney make a fool of the other [*going up ſtage.*

Enter SPUNGE *followed by two Coachmen.*

Firſt Coachm. Come, come: the twelve ſhillings! or elſe [*laying hold of him.*

Spunge. If you can't change a hundred pound note, I owe it you—I owe it you [*ſees Scatter*]—Oh, this is lucky—this gentleman, perhaps—will you b ſo kind, Sir?—caſh a hundred pounds, Sir?

Scat. I really hav'n't ſo much caſh about me, or elſe——

Spunge. As you ſay—not ſo much gold—but plenty of ſilver—ſo be good enough—juſt give theſe men twelve ſhillings—thank ye,

Sir,

Sir under infinite obligations—here, rascals take your money from this gentleman—take it, I say. [*Scatter, after some hesitation, pays it.*] —There—begone! [*Coachmen, exeunt*] eternally obliged—for ever indebted—never re-pay you—but your name—favour me with your name—to whom am I debtor? [*taking out a pocket-book.*

Scat. My name is Scatter—Richard Scatter, Sir: but never think of it—I don't mind a guinea or two—particularly when they're not my own.

Spunge. "Richard Scattter" [*writing it down*] debtor twelve shillings—psha!—can't remember silver—give me nine shillings—that will make it a guinea—then neither of us will forget it—[*takes the money*]—and your house—where's your house, Dick?

Scat. I have no house—I'm on a visit.

Spunge. A visit!—Oh!—a saving scheme—natural enough—that's right, Dick—live on your friends.—Well—what are their names?

Scat. Why, if you must know, I'm on a visit at Woodland Grove.

Spunge. Woodland Grove!—know it well—be with you in an hour.—What time do you dine?

Scat. Dine!—oh, you must excuse me there—Mr. Woodland is a man who sees no company.

Spunge. Don't distress yourself—don't let him put himself out of the way on my account—plainest eater in the world—mutton, beef, veal, all the same to me—only rather particular in my wine—must have Burgundy—always drink Burgundy, and iced—mind it's iced, Dick.

Scat. Very likely; but I am not at my own house, and Mr. Woodland is, of all men——

Spunge. The man I wish to know—how are the beds?—[*walks up stage.*]

Scat. Beds! curse the fellow! —I can't help laughing at his impudence!—Why, Farmer, is this shewing me how to live cheap?

Farm. Yees—its the way he taught me last summer—ha! ha! —I'm main glad on't—I've got rid of him—good day, measter.

Spunge [*meeting Cole.*] What, Cole?—how's your wife, Cole?—sorry I can't stay to dine with you—engaged with this gentleman—but supper—be with you to supper—you know my way—free and easy—never wait for an invitation—come Dick. [*Taking Scatter's arm.*]

Scat. No, Sir—I beg I mayn't deprive your friend of the pleasure of your company—the truth is, I am not going to dine at Woodland Grove.

Spunge. No!

Scat. No.—I mean to dine alone at the hotel——

Spunge. Better and better—hate large parties—never get any thing hot or good—women eat all the choice bits—fat of venison, backs of hares, and liver-wings of fowls—like a tête-à-tête dinner—so come, Dick.

Farm.—[*aside to Scatter.*]—You may as well go at once—he won't quit thee.

Scat. So it seems; and as I hate dining alone, I'll indulge him—Mind now, I shall return in a couple of hours, and let there be nobody in the house; for if the lady is refractory, we'll combine and force her——

Farm. I understand—I'll be ready—good day, measter Spunge; and na doey—doey for once in your life, pay your reckoning, will ye?

Spunge. Pay my reckoning!—who does it better?—Don't I sing a good song?—And am I to pipe and pay too?—no, let the dull dogs pay the piper.—Be with you to supper, Cole.—Come, Dick; and after a bottle or two of Burgundy, I'll

give you a ſpecimen "Come, jolly Bacchus, &c." [*Exeunt.*]

Scene in Act III.—Outſide of Hotel in a Seaport Town.

Spunge *croſſes the ſtage, and rings at the bell.*

Spunge. Now for it—now to be introduced to Sir Edward.—[*William enters from the hotel.*]—Come, ſhew me to him—ſhew me to him.

William. Sir, my maſter's not at home—he's gone to bathe.

Spunge. Hem!—next time he goes to bathe, bid him take his elbow with him—look—ſee it ſticking out of that window—Come—I'm his ſiſter's friend—ſaw her home laſt night—too late to be introduced then—ſo promiſed to call in the morning.

William. Oh, if you're Miſs Elinor's friend, I'm ſure Sir Edward will be glad to ſee you—never was brother ſo fond of a ſiſter; and he would have been here three days ago, if the gout hadn't attacked him on the road.

Spunge. The gout! oh, I'm glad he has the gout—that's a ſign he feeds high, and drinks Burgundy—pray now—between ourſelves—what ſort of a fellow is Sir Edward?

William. One of the beſt living—he is, perhaps, ſomewhat haſty in his temper:—but he is young.

Spunge. Young!—what! about thirty?

William. Thirty!—he's not ſixteen.

Spunge. Not ſixteen!

William. No: a ward in chancery, Sir—and what's very extraordinary, he now knows more of the world than any of his anceſtors did at three times his age—why, 'tis but a month ago, he fought a duel.

Spunge. A duel!—zounds!—I knew the breed of boys was pretty forward, but never heard of ſuch a forced plant as this—a duel!—how was it?

William. You ſhall hear, Sir—an old ſchool-fellow of his—a Mr. Woodland, having been ſwindled and arreſted by one of your ſtock-jobbing gentry, my maſter paid the debt; and Mr. Woodland was no ſooner gone abroad, than the ſtock-jobber made more demands, which Sir Edward wouldn't pay—on this, words enſued—he ridiculed my maſter's youth—this he laughed at—but when the ſtock-jobber called Mr. Woodland a ſcoundrel, Sir Edward was ſo enraged, that he ſtruck him, and a challenge was the conſequence.

Spunge. Well! and did the boy fight?

William. Did he?—aye: and the firſt ſhot lamed the ſtock-jobber for life—hit him in the hip.

Spunge. What! made him a lame duck?—I'm glad of it: and if he'd often go and take a day's ſhooting at the Stock Exchange, it would be much for the health of the nation.

Scene in Act V.—A Street in the Town, and View of the Sea.

Enter Spunge *in a travelling great coat, cap, &c.*

Edw. What! you perſiſt in going to Yorkſhire, do you?

Spunge. Certainly—ſaid I'd ſtick to you—look—got on my travelling dreſs.

Edw. Your travelling dreſs!—I rather think it mine—I'll ſwear to this box great-coat.

Spunge. So it is—it is yours:—ha!

—ha! ha!—miſtook it for my own. —Now it's on, I'll wear it for your ſake—come—hey for Yorkſhire!—this is what I like—jolly party—pleaſant journey, and travelling at other people's expence.

Edw. Natural enough:—pray, Spunge, how long is it ſince you paid for a dinner?

Spunge. How long!—let me ſee—oh—three years ago—remember it well—dined at the Bedford—bill, fourteen ſhillings—I not one in my pocket.

Edw. Well! and what did you do?

Spunge. Borrowed a guinea of the landlord—paid my reckoning, and pocketed ſeven ſhillings by the dinner—that's the way to live cheap.

FURTHER PARTICULARS OF ECLIPSE.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

OBSERVING in your juſtly admired Magazine for September laſt, page 298, an account of the famous race horſe Eclipſe, it induced me to ſend you the following ſupplemental particulars of that celebrated animal.

Your's, &c.

I. I. B.

Eclipſe, when a yearling, was purchaſed by Mr. Wildman, at the Duke of Cumberland's ſale, for ſeventy guineas. When five years old, he was transferred in part to Colonel O'Kelly, and continued joint ſtock for ſome time; but the diſtinct intereſt of two maſters rendered a new ſyſtem unavoidably neceſſary; the purchaſe was then completed at a thouſand guineas for the remaining half. The Colonel affirmed that he had gained by Eclipſe 25,000l. which is more than was ever remembered to have fallen to the ſhare of one animal of the kind. Mr. Fenwick cleared by his famous horſe Match'em 17,000l. Mr. Martindale, of St. James's-ſtreet, cleared by his fortunate horſe Regulus, 10,000l.

Marſk, the ſire of Eclipſe, was held in ſuch trifling eſtimation, that many mares in the neighbourhood of Windſor were ſent to him at the low price of half a guinea; but upon Eclipſe coming forth with ſuch eclat, he became a ſtallion of the firſt claſs, covering only a certain number of mares in the ſeaſon at a hundred guineas each.

Eclipſe once ran a mile in a minute for a run of two miles. Young Eclipſe was ſtill fleeter than his ſire; but for a three or four-mile heat, there was no compariſon. Young Eclipſe was ill-tempered, and what the jockies call ruſty.

On the 25th of February, 1789, in the morning, it was diſcovered that Eclipſe was afflicted with a violent cholic. Laudanum was ſoon after given him, as well as ſundry other remedies, ſuch as drenches, glyſters, with nitre and muſk, as a ſedative, but without any relief. He expired on the 26th, at ſeven o'clock in the evening. On opening the body, the cauſe of the diſorder, and of the death of the animal, was diſcovered by the diſſection of the kidnies, the interior cavity of which was full of a purulent matter, and part of their ſubſtance entirely deſtroyed by the ſuppuration. There was not a drop of water in the bladder, but only a certain quantity of pus, which was carried there by the ureters; its ſoft membrane was corroded by the action of that matter. It is to be obſerved, that during the

 diſorder

disorder, the animal voided urine four times, but in so small a quantity, that the whole evacuation was not quite half a pint of water. It appeared that for some time past the kidnies did not perform their functions but in an imperfect manner, and that the animal died of a nephritic cholic. The interior parts of the breast were but slightly affected with the inflammation of the lower belly. The heart of the horse weighed thirteen pounds. To such an extraordinary weight the animal owed its natural courage.

The ingenious Monsieur Vial de Saint Bel, Equery to the King of France, wrote some Anatomical Observations on Eclipse, with a table of the Geometrical proportions of that famous horse. "The principal defects of conformation (says this Anatomist) which might have been imputed to Eclipse, consist first in his body, which was too thick: this fault was certainly less in his youth when he ran. Secondly, his shoulders were too fleshy, and consequently too heavy; but this fault was counterbalanced, by the perfectly physical and mechanical conformation of his legs; his figure in general did not please the eye of the pretended connoisseurs, whose skill seldom goes beyond the surface of the skin; but no one is ignorant that the most beautiful quality of a race-horse is the celerity of the gallop, consequently that horse that gallops the fastest, ought to be reckoned the most beautiful, and serve as a model in the rules of proportion to all others; it is not the same in a manege-horse, whose conformations ought to be absolutely opposite; the principles of beauty ought then to be relative to the use a horse is destined to."

M. de St. Bel, from his computation "pronounces with the greatest probability, that Eclipse, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty with his greatest swiftness, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet of ground at every complete action on the gallop, and that he could run four miles, or nearly, in the space of six minutes and two seconds.

After his dissection, Eclipse was stuffed by that ingenious artist, Mr. Hall, of the City Road; and is now to be seen in fine preservation and attitude, in a proportionate glass case at Cannons.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page 27.*)

THE winter of 1760, was rendered memorable in the Boxing Calendar, by a battle fought in the month of February.

It was decided in the hollow called Marybone Bason, (a place as commodious for battleing as the ancient Roman Amphitheatre) between Wm. Stevens, a nailer, and Jacob Taplin, a coal-heaver. In the center of the Bason, which held above three thousand spectators, a ring was formed, and the champions commenced, to the satisfaction of the eager crowd. Taplin for some minutes had the better of the nailer, who received some terrible blows in the *bread-basket*, which occasioned Stevens to fall; but he rose again like a lion roused from his temporary tranquillity, and laid his opponent at his feet. The next round Taplin received a blow on the left breast, which again laid him low. When he rose, he suddenly closed in with the nailer, and both fell. The next round terminated the battle: Stevens struck Taplin over the left eye with one hand, and with the other dealt him an almost deadly blow on the right temple, and obliged him to yield.

The

The 17th of June, in the same year, a long expected battle for 100l. a side, and on which great sums were depending, was fought on a stage at the Tennis Court, in James-street, in the Haymarket, between Slack, patronized by the Duke of Cumberland, and Stevens, who was backed by the Duke of York. Slack, in the beginning of the battle, was thought to have the advantage; but Stevens, by keeping off the blows of his antagonist, and by repeatedly striking his right arm with his left fist, and with his right beating him about the head, at the same time tripping him off his center with his foot, he occasioned him to fall with increased force; and thus completed the conquest, of the hitherto unconquered Slack.

March 2, 1761, the great boxing match for Two Hundred Guineas, between Stevens, the nailer, and George Meggs, a collier, from Bristol, was fought at the Tennes Court in the Haymarket. At the first onset, the nailer missing a blow, Meggs struck him on the side of the head, and knocked him down, after which the battle continued about seventeen minutes without scarce a blow being struck, when Stevens gave out. Meggs had been tutored and prepared for the battle by Slack, who then kept a butcher's shop in Chandos-street, but he would not have beat Stevens, had he not given him Fifty Guineas for that purpose. So bare-faced a *cross* disgusted the amateurs, and the nailer lost most of his friends, one of whom soon after meeting him, and wondering at the manœuvre which occasioned his defeat, was answered in nearly the following words: "The day I fought Jack Slack, I got ninety guineas; but I got fifty more than I could have got otherwise, by letting Meggs beat me, and *dam'me*, I'm the same man still."

In July, 1763, a pitched battle for a considerable sum was fought at Calne, in Wiltshire, between Meggs, of Bristol, and one Millsom, a baker, of Bath; when, after a severe contest of forty minutes, victory declared in favour of Millsom, who in the following month, beat Meggs a second time, and also his brother Parfit Meggs, a celebrated West Country bruiser.

June 20, 1764, a famous battle was fought at Guildford, between Thomas Juchau, a pavior, otherwise known by the name of Disher, and Charles Coant, a butcher, who had won several hard battles. Before the fight, the odds were 4 to 1 upon Coant, and for the first twenty-five minutes, Disher could scarce get a blow at his antagonist, and was knocked down five or six times. At thirty-five minutes, the odds were so great, that money was offered at any rate; but just then, Disher changing his mode of fighting, gave him such a blow, as turned the odds greatly in his favour. After three or four rounds more, Disher gave him such a dreadful blow, that he was unable to continue the battle. The engagement lasted forty-seven minutes.

April 9, 1765, a battle for Ten Pounds, was fought on the paved stones, facing Bethlam Gates, between the noted Phil. Juchau, alias Disher, a coachman, and Jack Warren, a butcher; the battle was obstinately contested, with alternate success, but at length Warren caught Disher on his hip, gave him a cross-buttock, pitching him on his head, fractured his skull, and killed him.

August 27, Thomas Juchau and Millsom, fought at Colney, near St. Alban's, and Juchau was victor.

May, 1766, a great boxing match, for One Hundred Guineas, was fought at Guildford, between Juchau, and William Darts, a dyer, which

which was won by Darts, after a hard fight of forty minutes.

The same year Darts beat the famous Dogget, a West Country bargeman, at Marlborough.

October 13, 1767, a severe battle was fought at Epping, between Darts, and one Swansey, a butcher, which terminated in favour of the former.

In March, 1768, a desperate Battle for Twenty Pounds was fought at the Hollow, at Islington, between John Lamb, a plaisterer, and —— Payne, a carpenter, both noted boxers. Payne lost, though the odds were 7 to 4 in his favour.

In August 3, a battle was fought at Bethlem Gates, between Lamb, and a man known by the name of Jemmy, the post-boy, on which great bets were depending. The battle was the most desperate ever known; the combatants having fought forty-eight minutes, were so bruised, it was impossible for either to sustain the conflict longer. It was deemed a drawn battle.

In the succeeding year, Lamb beat Simpson, a carman, at Bethnal Green, Abraham Da Costa, in Moorfields, and Mousha (another Jew) at Stepney.

June 27, 1769, was decided at Kingston on Thames, the long depending battle between Darts and Lyons, a waterman: at the first, Darts had the advantage, and the bets were 10 to 1 in his favour; but Lyons recovering himself, severely beat Darts, who at the end of forty-five minutes gave in.

On July 4, Stevens the nailer, beat one M'Guire, on the Green Stage, behind Mountagu House.

On September 24, a battle for Twenty-five Pounds a side was fought between one Turner, who had beat the nailer, and Peter Corcoran, an Irishman, which was won by Turner.

March 25, 1770, a battle was fought between Darts and Stephen Oliver, nick-named Death, (on account of his paleness when fighting), on Blackheath. Though Death shewed great skill and bottom, he was at last obliged to yield to the superior strength of Darts, who was allowed to be the hardest hitter of his time.

Death till within these few years, was the most noted pugilist of his time. He was well made, but light, never weighing but twelve stone, but this deficiency in strength was amply compensated for by his activity. He fought more battles than any man in England, and won a great number of them. Among those we recollect, were his engaging with John Pearce, at Mile End; Mousha the Jew, at the Mulberry Gardens; Wm. Small, at Barnet; Flue, the duffer, at Kennington Common; Tom Street, at Highgate; Davis, the butcher, at Blackheath; George Hill, at Ditto; Benjamin Hamilton, at Hounslow; Tom Tigho, at Epping; Scullferd, the Bridewell Boy, at Hyde Park, &c. &c. But he was beat by Johnson, at Blackheath; Tyne, in St. George's Fields; Allen, at Colnbrook; and by John Towers, on Highgate Common.

On July 13, a battle for One Hundred Guineas was fought at Mill Hill, near Hendon, between Nicholls, a butcher, and one Joyce, a noted Irish bruiser. Nicholls was much inferior in point of size to his antagonist, and the odds on account of the fame of Joyce, were 5 to 1 against him. In the first onset, Nichols broke the jaw of his adversary, and thereby obtained an easy conquest, to the great disappointment and mortification of the knowing ones, who were completely taken in.

In February, 1771, a severe battle was fought at Barnet, between Charles Coant, and John Shepperd, a baker, which was won by Shepperd,

Shepperd, after a conteſt of thirty-five minutes.

On April 15, a hard fought battle took place on a ſtage in Sampſon's riding ſchool, at Iſlington, between the noted Jack Lamb, and Jack Shepperd. Lamb fought Shepperd, 50l. to 30l. and ſo confident were the amateurs of his ſucceſs, that they betted high odds on their favourite; but after a well conteſted engagement of forty-four minutes, Lamb gave in, being ſo terribly beat that he was carried almoſt lifeleſs from the ſtage.

On May 15, during the races at Epſom, was decided the boxing match, between the well known Bill Darts, and Peter Corcoran, for One Hundred Pounds a-ſide. The match was made by Capt. O'Kelly, who backed his countryman to a large amount; but previous to the battle taking place, he gave Darts One Hundred Pounds to loſe; accordingly when they met, after a little ſparring, Darts received a blow on the ſide of the head, which drove him againſt the rail of the ſtage, and he immediately gave out. It was ſo evident that Darts *fought booty*, that none of the ſporting men would afterwards back him for a ſingle halfpenny. And it prevented the encouragement of boxing ſo much, that it was conſigned to almoſt contemptible neglect.

On June 7, a battle for Twenty Pounds was fought at Epping Foreſt, between Trainer, an Iriſh chairman, (who had won ſeveral battles) and Samuel Peters, a gunſmith, (who had been long the hero of Birmingham). After a hard conteſt of more than thirty-ſeven minutes, victory was declared in favour of the former.

On July 13, Peters fought Roſſemus Gregory, another Iriſh pugiliſt, at Fair-Mead Bottom, on Epping Foreſt; but owing to foul play ſhewn by Darts, who was ſecond to Gregory, he was ſoon obliged to give it in.

In the September following, a ſecond battle took place between the ſame parties in the Riding School, at the Three Hats, Iſlington, when after a hard fight of half an hour, Peters gained a complete victory over Gregory.

(*To be continued.*)

AMIABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

THE author of the *Tableaux Topographiques de la Suiſſe*, in his deſcription of the Alps and Glaciers, relates the following circumſtance. The Chevalier Gaſpard de Brandenberg, who was Ammau of the diſtrict of Qoug, and died in 1728, was buried, together with his ſervant, by an Avalanche, as they were croſſing the mountain St. Gotlard, in the neighbourhood of Airolo. His dog, who had not been buried with him, did not quit the ſpot, where he had loſt his maſter. Happily this was not far from the Convent. The faithful animal ſcratched the ſnow, and howled for a long time with all his ſtrength: then ran to the Convent, returned, and then ran back again. Struck by his perſeverance, the people of the houſe followed him next morning. He led them directly to the ſpot, where he had ſcratched the ſnow, and the Chevalier, and his domeſtic, after thirty-ſix hours paſſed beneath it, were drawn out ſafe and well. They had diſtinctly heard every bark of the dog, and all the diſcourſe of their deliverers. Senſible to the attachment of this fine animal, to which he owed his life, the Ammau ordered, on his death, that he ſhould be repreſented on his tomb with his dear dog. At Zoug, in the church of St. Oſwald, they ſtill ſhew the tomb and the effigy of this Magiſtrate. He is repreſented with a dog at his feet.

The

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(Continued from page 23.)

BUT whither roves my devious muse, intent
On antique tales? While yet the royal stag
Unsung remains. Tread with respectful awe
WINDSOR's green glades; where DENHAM, tuneful bard,
Charm'd once the list'ning dryads, with his song
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submiss what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays
WINDSOR's high tow'rs, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where Beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her PAPHIAN grove
For our more favour'd shades: in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior; of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of eastern kings, in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of AMAZONS, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. ANNA, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
AMELIA, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent,
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great lords
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies; on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it ADONIS for the chace array'd?
Or BRITAIN's second hope? Hail blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth; no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cow'ring low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court, and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the gen'ral chorous; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head, the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float thro' the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares; each age, each sex
In the wild transport joins; luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval, and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? Or who the quiv'ring bog

Soft

Soft yielding to the ftep? And now is plain,
Plain as the ftrand fea-lav'd, that ftretches far
Beneath the rocky fhore. Glades croffing glades
The foreft opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay wafte the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hufh'd (as erft victorious ROME)
T'employ his ftation'd legions in the works
Of peace; to fmooth the rugged wildernefs,
To drain the ftagnate fen, to raife the flope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature, with th' embellifhments of art.

How melts my beating heart! as I behold
Each lovely nymph our ifland's boaft and pride,
Pufh on the gen'rous fteed, that ftrokes along
O'er rough, o'er fmooth, nor heeds the fteepy hill,
Nor faulters in th' extended vale below!
Their garments loofely waving in the wind,
And all the flufh of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their fides their penfive lovers wait,
Direct their dubious courfe; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O! grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rifing ftorm
May darken with black wings, this glorious fcene!
Should fome malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, fuch as of old
Betray'd to lawlefs love the TYRIAN queen.
For BRITAIN's virtuous nymphs are chafte as fair,
Spotlefs, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown ftag, thro' woods, bogs, roads, and ftreams
Has meafur'd half the foreft; but alas!
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he caft the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy ftill with horrors views
The fell deftroyer; ftill the fatal cry
Infults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltlefs blood diftain'd) ftill feems to hear
The dying fhrieks; and the pale threat'ning ghoft
Moves as he moves, and as he flies purfues.
See here his flot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow a while, fadly looks back
On his purfuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But wrung with anguifh, bears not long the fight,
Shoots down the fteep, and fweats along the vale:
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whofe clafhing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whofe exalted pow'r
Was ftill rewarded with fuccefsful love.
But the bafe herd have learn'd the ways of men,
Averfe they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chace him from thence: needlefs their impious deed,
The huntfman knows him by a thoufand marks,
Black, and imboft; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well diftinguifh thefe, and never leave
Their once devoted foe; familiar grows
His fcent, and ftrong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled fpeed
Skims o'er the lawn; ftill the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And pufh him many a league. If haply then
Too far efcap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are caft, the huntfman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career; paffive they ftand,
Unmov'd, an humble, an obfequious crowd,
As if by ftern MEDUSA gaz'd to ftones.
So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full purfuit, and check their thirft of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hafty ftreams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With frefh-recruited might. The ftag, who hop'd
His foes were loft, now once more hears aftunn'd
The dreadful din; he fhivers ev'ry limb,
He ftarts, he bounds; each bufh prefents a foe.
Prefs'd by the frefh relay, no paufe allow'd,
Breathlefs, and faint, he faulters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that fcarce
Suftain their load! he pants, he fobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams opprefs'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye furprife him; foon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-diffembled vigour, to amufe

The knowing forester; who inly smiles
At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fire. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th' unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grov'ling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th' ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear, his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence;
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immers'd.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd, and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain:
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
Th' unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd;
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from AFRIC's golden coasts,
Or INDIA's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging, climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unrevenged to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd:
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed, hungry pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince! from thee, what may thy subjects hope;
So kind, and so beneficent to brutes?
O mercy, heav'nly born! Sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best prerogative of pow'r!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

(*To be continued.*)

SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

THIS character now worn out and gone, was the country 'Squire; I mean the little independent gentleman of Three Hundred Pounds per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in hunting, shooting, or angling. His travels never exceeded the distance of the country town, and that only at Assize and Session time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market town, with the Attornies and Justices. This man went to church regularly on a Sunday, read the Weekly Journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring alehouse, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantlepiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of grey-hounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view halloo. His drink was generally ale, except on Christmas, the fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy-punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking, as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarce less precaution and preparation.

Among the out-offices of the house, was a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds. The mansion of one of these 'Squires was of plaister, striped with timber, not unaptly called callimanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study, the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with holly-hocks. Near the gate a horse block, for the conveniency of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantlepiece with fowling pieces and fishing rods of different dimensions, accompanied by the broad sword, partizan, and dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags horns. Against the wall was posted, King Charles's Golden Rules, and Vincent Wing's Almanack. In his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Fox's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Witches, Quincey's Dispensatory, Bracken's Farriery, and the Complete Sportsman.

In the corner, by the fire-side, stood a large wooden two armed chair with a cushion; and within the chimney corner were a couple of seats. Here at Christmas, he entertained his tenants, assembled round a large glowing fire, made of the roots of trees, and other great logs; while he told his exploits in hunting, related who had been the best sportsman of his time, and told and heard traditionary tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the mean time the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turkey-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors, running horses, and hunting pieces. Alas! these men and these houses are no more. The luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country, and become the humble

dependants on great men, to solicit a place, or a commission; to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion, in the mean time, is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, till after a few years the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

SIR John Falstaff was bred by Mr. Coates, and was foaled in 1783. He was got by Shark, (who won Twenty Thousand Guineas) a son of the Duke of Cumberland's Marsk, sire of Eclipse, &c. his dam by Slouch, out of Coats's famous mare, the dam of Melpomene, North Star, Atalanta, and Empress. Falstaff's dam, Calliope, was the dam of Captive, Orpheus, Dutchess, Whitelegs, and Omphale, all capital racers.

Falstaff, in 1787, when four years old, and the property of Mr. Baird, won Fifty Pounds at Morpeth, beating four others; Fifty Pounds at Alnwick, beating three others; Fifty Pounds at Kelso, beating Mr. Aaverling's chesnut horse, and Lord Eglintoun's Hussar. When five years old, he won the King's Hundred Guineas at Edinburgh, beating Mr. Hamilton's Sir Andrew, and Sir H. Williams's Maid of Orleans; Fifty Pounds at Alnwick, beating Captain Wemys's black horse, and the Duke of Hamilton's Parragon; Fifty Pounds at Hamilton, walking over, and the King's Hundred Guineas at Dumfries, beating Lord Eglintoun's Cagliostro. When six years old, he won Fifty Pounds at Newcastle, beating Parragon; Fifty Pounds at Kelso, walking over, and Fifty Pounds at Alnwick, beating Tom Tring.

Falstaff has covered several seasons past at Percival and Son's hunting stables, Coomb Lane, near Croydon, Surrey.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

AS the subject upon which I write, more immediately appertains to *you* than the conductor of any *other* periodical publication, I lay the greater claim to your attention, and feel myself justified in appealing to your admitted impartiality, for a disinterested insertion.

A firm friend to consistency, as well as to the industrious endeavours of any body of men, who are individually exerting their best abilities for the support of their wives and families, I cannot, without the most *ineffable contempt* observe, in different diurnal prints, the announcement of "Forges to be opened in different parts of the metropolis, under the inspection of the *Professor* of the Veterinary College." Whether the newly coined *theoretical* abilities of a London Surgeon, (recently ycleped Veterinarian Professor) are to be put in competition with the *practical* abilities of the old and established members of the trade, regularly bred to, and expert in the *manual* excellence of the art, is a matter (that with your permission) I mean hereafter most *critically* to investigate. For the present Sir, it must suffice to observe, with *Scrub* in "The Stratagem," that the promulgation "must mean something." Whether the *boasted subscriptions*, and relative finances of the College, (notwithstanding its repeated pecuniary contributions from the liberality of Parliament) are still

so

so *deficient*, as to render necessary farther schemes of *abortive* speculation, or whether it is the *humane* and *laudable* attempt of those in power, to *monopolize* the *trade*, and *annihilate* its members, is a matter that will soon literally and truly proclaim itself. At any rate, when every feature of the origin is recollected, when every vicissitude and disappointment is remembered, it must be admitted to bear a great analogy to "the *Mountain* in *labour*, that brought forth *its Mouse*." Should this introductory matter prove worthy insertion, it shall be followed by such *comparative* remarks, as shall most forcibly arrest the judgment of a deluded public, who too frequently become the *infatuated* dupes of an *ignis fatuus*.

AN OBSERVER.

THE GAME OF PUT.

THIS game derives its name from putting up your cards in case you do not like them, or from putting each other to the shift. The game is played by two persons, who cut for deal as usual. The dealer then deals three cards to his adversary, and three to himself, one card at a time. The best cards are the trois, deuces, and aces; the rest follow from King down to four, which is the worst. The eldest hand then plays a card and putts, that is, challenging the adversary, or putting him to the shift: this is generally expressed by a knock on the table with the knuckle; after which, if the youngest hand can't win that trick, and although he has a deuce left in his hand for the last card, he is not safe, or sure of tieing *; consequently he had not better answer the adversary's putting, and put up his cards. But according to the chances of the cards, if he wins the second trick, he may venture to answer the put, if he has either a deuce, ace, king, or queen, and not with any lower card. If the eldest hand gets one trick, and is challenged by his adversary, without a very good card in hand to have a chance of making a second trick, he should give one: this he may do twice, but on the third time he is obliged to play, if the adversary thinks proper. The game is generally five points, so that whoever gives a point, loses one of the game. When both sides have scored two, they must play on the next deal; and in this case, if the eldest hand plays and gets a trick, and then plays a low one, to which his adversary plays a similar one, it is a tie, and laid aside. The eldest hand must then play again, and put if he likes it; he who do not choose to put must give one. If the youngest hand gets the last trick, both putting, it is called trick and tie. This game (like brag) depends in a great measure upon the boldest player, and by assuming a superiority in hand, either by your look, or by any other means your antagonist is apt to be intimidated, and will often give one, rather than run the risque of the game upon a single hand.

* The meaning of tieing is, when each has a trick, and neither win the decisive one.

THE REV. W. L. SPENSER,

WHO died the 13th of November, at Shepperton, was for a great number of years considered one of the oldest and best Sportsmen in the Royal Chace. Preserving the dignity of the clerical character with the liberality of a Prince, and the hospitality of the Sportsman, it can create no admiration, that he lived universally beloved, and died as equally lamented. If we

we except Lord Bateman, he is nearly the laſt of the *old ſchool* of ſportſmen, (who uſed to meet the hounds at day break) being cotemporary with the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, Cowarth Lane Hatch, Ives, Kennedy, Bob Nun, &c. &c. At which period, his place of reſidence was at Winkfield Row, for the convenience of being near the kennel, and conſtantly joining the chace; where his judgment was always reſpected, and his horſes (for the ſuperiority of which he was remarkable) inſured him a place in the firſt rank. This he ſupported, till the enjoyments of the field became leſs attracting, by a gradual diſſolution of his old ſporting friends; and the infatuating effect of faſhion having inverted the order of things, as well *there* as *elſewhere*, he retired ſome few years ſince to the enjoyment of domeſtic comfort, amongſt a circle of reſpectable friends, where, in the evening of life, he availed himſelf of every rational amuſement appertaining to the *otium et dignitate* of a gentleman, and may be truly ſaid to have paſſed from *this life* to a *better*, in full conviction of having had "VALUE RECEIVED."

LAW REPORT.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 8, 1797.

COMMON GAMING HOUSES.

THE KING *v.* THOMAS MILLER.

THE defendant was convicted at the Sittings after laſt Trinity Term of keeping a common gaming-houſe, and appeared in Court to receive judgment.

Mr Erſkine ſaid it was not then open to him to ſtate any circumſtances in mitigation of puniſhment. The defendant had totally given up all connection with gaming-houſes, was married to a very reſpectable woman, and, if not deprived of his liberty, would be able to ſupport himſelf and family with credit.

The Lord Chief Juſtice ſaid they had conſidered this caſe as well as they could; it was an offence of great enormity, and in which the public were very deeply intereſted.

Mr. Erſkine obſerved, that the defendant had been in priſon during the whole of the long vacation, and that his conduct in jail had had been moſt exemplary.

The Lord Chief Juſtice told him, the Court had taken that circumſtance into their conſideration in apportioning his puniſhment.

Mr. Juſtice Aſhhurſt pronounced ſentence to the following effect:—

"Thomas Miller, you have been tried and found guilty by a Jury of your Country, on an indictment, charging that you, on a certain day therein named, at Weſtminſter, as well as on other days, in this County, unlawfully and injuriouſly kept and maintained a common gaming houſe, and did on thoſe days cauſe and procure divers idle and evil-diſpoſed perſons to frequent your gaming-houſe and to play at a certain unlawful game called *Hazard*, for large and exceſſive ſums of money. There are other counts in the indictment nearly to the ſame effect. This crime is proved on you by the moſt ſatisfactory evidence. It appears that you made very light of it; for it was proved that you ſaid "you did not much care for the event of the trial—though Lord Kenyon had threatened the pillory, every body would know what it was for, and that it was no diſgrace." You ſaid farther, "that you could take 500l. from your coffers, and not even miſs it." This kind of language ſeems to me to intimate that you are

are very far gone in this trade of iniquity. But whatever you may think, whoever weighs this crime in the scale of sober reasoning will think very different on the subject; and I do not hesitate to say, that this crime of gaming, which you have made your trade and business to encourage, is a crime of greater enormity, and of more destructive consequences to society, than many which the laws of the Country have made capital. What is the crime of stealing a sheep, or picking a pocket of an handkerchief, when placed in competition with this crime traced through all its consequences? With regard to those in the higher walks of life, experience tells us it often leads to *self-murder*, and *duelling* about gaming debts, which terminates in the total ruin of families once opulent, and reduces to beggary their innocent and helpless children: and as for those in a lower sphere of life, when they have lost their money, they often betake themselves to house-breaking and the highway, in order to replenish their coffers, and at last often end their lives by the hand of justice. This is the short history of this destructive vice. But even, if it does not happen to lead absolutely to these destructive consequences, yet the *ravages* it makes in the minds of those who are thoroughly tainted with it, is enough to fill the soul of every thinking man with horror. It hardens the heart, and extinguishes every generous principle in the minds of those who are addicted to it. It extinguishes all traces of friendship; for how can that society deserve the name of friendship where men only meet to plan each other's ruin and destruction? It estranges those who are guilty of it from the society of their own families, which ought to be the seat of their happiness, and fixes all their attention on the capricious chance of a dice or a card;—a strange employment this for rational men, who were sent into the world for far nobler ends and purposes. Is this the soil where the seeds of genuine patriotism can be expected to expand and flourish? Can the heart of that man ever feel for the distresses of his fellow-creatures, which is fixed only on the sordid love of gain? I wish the world could be prevailed upon to see this vice stripped of its robe of fashion, and they would be struck with horror at the sight of its native deformity. But yet, notwithstanding the heinousness and baneful tendency of this vice, so callous are you grown in iniquity, that instead of feeling compunction and penitence for having so long encouraged and assisted the propagation of it, you have the audacity publicly to avow, that there is no disgrace in the pillory when it is known to be for such a fault; as if this crime could give dignity to any situation. What matchless profligacy is this! But since all sense of shame is extinguished, it is necessary that this Court should make you feel by the severity of punishment. The Court has taken into consideration the punishment they mean to inflict, and the length of time you have been in prison; and having done so, we do order and adjudge that for this offence, you do pay a fine of 500l. to the King; that you be imprisoned for the space of one year in the House of Correction for this County, in Coldbath-fields; and that at the expiration of that period, you give security for your good behaviour for the term of seven years, yourself in 500l. and your two sureties in 250l. each, and that you be farther imprisoned till such fine be paid and sureties found as aforesaid.

"There is another circumstance which I might have mentioned:—

It

It appeared that you played with loaded dice. The Court has not taken that into consideration, as it is not charged in the indictment."

Lord Kenyon.—"If that circumstance had been charged in the indictment, the punishment certainly would not have stopped where it has done."

THE KING *v.* OLDFIELD.

The Defendant was brought into Court to receive judgment for a similar offence.

Mr. Const, on the part of the prosecution said, that the prosecutor, Mr. Conant, having obtained the end he had in view, namely, clearing the quarter of the town to which he belonged, of this serious evil, and having heard what the defendant said in his affidavit, that he had given over keeping a gaming-house, he had requested him to state to the Court, that the information contained in that affidavit was found to be true, and that this worthy Magistrate had no more to pray against this defendant.

Lord Kenyon—"The Court is always extremely pleased when they can obtain the end of punishment, without inflicting any on the individual. If you please the defendant shall enter into a recognizance, and give security that he will come up to receive the judgment of this Court when called upon. (This was agreed to.)

"I cannot avoid receiving a great number of letters of very different complexions indeed, in the course of the year. Among others, I received one, stating, that gaming was carried on to a very enormous extent in Covent Garden. If what I am now saying should reach the ears of the Magistrates at Bow-street, I do think the public has a right to expect from them that they should bestir themselves. I do not certainly suspect the Magistrates themselves; but it may be surmised that peace may be made between the Keepers of these Gaming-houses and their subordinate Officers; and it may at least be expected that those inferior Officers should not obstruct the attempts of individuals to suppress such nuisances. If the Magistrates can possibly correct this evil, the public will owe much to them. I only know Mr. Conant, of Marlborough-street, as a Magistrate, and in that capacity I have had many times occasion to mention his conduct with great respect. The public is most certainly extremely indebted to him for his exertions, in suppressing this crime of gaming."

SEARLE'S GAMING HOUSE.

In consequence of paragraphs in the daily papers, and anonymous letters sent to Lord Kenyon, tending to insinuate that the Magistrates of Bow-street were tardy, and disinclined to proceed against Mr. Searle, the proprietor of a gaming-house in Covent Garden, the Magistrates of the said Office took the affair up with the most serious intentions to do all that could be required of them. One of the charges exhibited in the paragraphs and letters above-mentioned was, that the head clerk at the Bow street Office, connived at Searle's practices, and impeded all prosecution against him. This was, however, more easily *said* than *proved*, and we believe to be both false and groundless. Searle on hearing that he was marked out for prosecution, went and gave bail before Sir William Addington, for to appear at the next General Quarter

ter Sessions to answer any matter of complaint that might be exhibited against him. This, however, not satisfying the calls of justice to the extent required, Mr. Searle was apprehended under a warrant, and appeared before N. Bond, Esq. on Friday, November 18, to enter into a further recognizance to answer a bill of indictment intended to be preferred against him for keeping a gaming-house, and to be of good behaviour in the mean time. The recognizance entered into was, himself in 500l. and two sureties in 250l. each. This was not a new offence, but the same he gave bail to before Sir W. Addington.

The Court of King's Bench has also had some more business of this kind, in consequence of a man named Holbrook having been arrested by one Atkinson. Holbrook applied to the Court for his discharge on filing common bail, alledging, that he was not indebted to Atkinson, but had been arrested in consequence of his having furthered an indictment against him for keeping a gaming-house, and that Atkinson had sworn he would cause every man to be arrested who should inform against him. A rule was granted for his discharge, and on the motion to make it absolute,

Mr. Erskine produced affidavits to prove that the debt was really owing, and that a confederacy had been formed, consisting of Holbrook, William Umfreville, Robert Holloway, and John Williams, (the two last attornies, who have been struck off the roll) whose only object was that of extorting money by compromising informations. Atkinson also denied that he had threatened to lock up those who should inform against him. A number of other curious affidavits, the parties swearing in direct contradiction to each other, were also read.

Mr. Garrow, in support of the rule said, he had foreseen that his motion would have a complete answer, as far as SWEARING would go: but fortunately the Court was not obliged to act on these affidavits, if the justice of the case evidently contradicted them. The discharge of his client was however a matter of little moment; if he failed in obtaining that, he should be happy in having made the motion, and thereby brought the subject before the Court. Observing Atkinson very well dressed, in Court, Mr. Garrow looked towards him, saying, "a badge had been provided for those who partook of parish bounty—he wished the law had also provided badges for those who kept gaming-houses; these fellows would not then be seen in public, ELBOWING men of rank and character, but might be avoided by the more respectable part of society." Atkinson's affidavit having stated, that he had not for *some time* kept a gaming-house, Mr. Garrow hoped, as he was now on the floor, he would inform the Court *how long* he had discontinued it, whether his morality was of a week's standing, and how long it was since his conscience had permitted him to use *dispatchers*; these, he said, were loaded dice, which in five minutes would *dispatch* 500l. out of the pockets of young men, when intoxicated with champagne. Mr. Garrow afterwards admitted, that Holbrook had received *hush money* from Atkinson; this he thought the Court would not consider a legal debt. The Faro banks formed an immense league against the law of the country; and it was only by admitting some of their confederates to give information against them that justice could be obtained. Holloway had also receivedhush-money, and Williams

had done the same, and been arrested and locked up on the same ground as Holbrook.

Lord Kenyon directed the rule to be enlarged; and in doing so observed, that there was a great deal to shock him in this case. "The plaintiff is one of a set of miscreants whom, I trust, the strong arm of the law, if it cannot expel from society, will force to drag on a miserable life, subject to daily punishment. I do not see how we can make this rule absolute.—When the question goes to the Jury, it will be discussed by *viva voce* evidence. It is too much for the Court to say the money is not due; there is a great deal to deplore in this case, and the conduct of that person who stands so impudently before the Court, is in the highest degree infamous.—When we passed sentence on Miller some days ago for keeping a gaming-house, I did hope that it would have had its due effect upon others: but I hope now, that it will be impressed on the minds of all whom it may concern, that the Court has not gone to its full length of punishment. The sentence pronounced on that man is by no means the *ne plus ultra* to which the Court will go on future occasions, and the higher the rank of the persons offending, the higher ought to be, and the higher will be, the punishment. It is of no great consequence to put an impudent fellow in the pillory who would brave the disgrace, but it may be of consequence in suppressing this vice, to put a person in the pillory who would feel all the ignominy attached to such a punishment."

The Rule was enlarged.

Lord Kenyon expressed his approbation of the conduct of the Gentlemen at the Bar in managing this business.

ASHDOWN PARK COURSING MEETING, NOV. 14, 1797.

First Day's Coursing for the Cup and Couples.

MR. Bacon's Prodigy won agst. Mr. Thoyt's Peto.

Colonel Stead's Sampson won agst. Mr. Thornhill's Tontine.

Mr. Pickering's Planet won agst. Mr. Hallett's Stickler.

Mr. Stead's Speckle won agst. Mr. Long's Pat.

Mr. James's Plutus won agst. Mr. Wyld's Sable

Mr. Berwick's Pyrrha won agst. Lorst Ashbrooke's Arly.

Matches the same Day.

Mr. Pickering's Phœnix won agst. Mr. Bailey's Blaze.

Mr. Pickering's Plunder won agst. Mr. Bailey's Blush.

Lord Craven's Cowslip won agst. Mr. Thornhill's Tontine.

Mr. Baily's Bagatelle won agst. Mr. Scrope's Flirt.

Lord Craven's Catch won agst. Mr. Thornhill's Top.

Second Day's Coursing for the Cup and Couples.

Mr. Pickering's Planet won agst. Colonel Stead's Sampson.

Mr. Stead's Speckle und. agst. Mr. Bacon's Prodigy;—tossed up for, and won by Mr. Stead.

Mr. James's Plutus won agst. Mr. Berwick's Pyrrha.

Planet, Speckle, and Plutus then started: Plutus was beaten, and the course between the others being undecided, Planet won the Cup by a toss, and the Couples were adjudged to Speckle.

Matches the same Day.

Mr. Baily's Bagatelle won agst. Mr. Corsellis's Trimmer.

Mr. Jackson's Slut agst. Mr. Baily's Blush—und.

Mr.

Mr. Thompſon's Fly agſt. Mr. Baily's Blaze—und.
Mr. James's Rarity agſt. Mr. Thompſon's Toſs-pot—und.
Mr. James's Ditto agſt. Mr. Thompſon's Ditto—und.
Mr. Baily's Bagatelle won agſt. Mr. Thornhill's Top.
Mr. James's Rarity won agſt. Mr. Thompſon's Toſs-pot.
Lord Aſhbrooke's Arly won agſt. Mr. Thornhill's Tontine.
Mr. Baily's Bluſh agſt. Mr. S. Heathcote's Hoyden—und.

THE BERKELEY HOUNDS.

(Six firſt days of the ſeaſon in Berkſhire.)

ON Monday the 30th of October, theſe hounds threw off at Biſham Great Wood, and ſoon unkennelled a brace of foxes, but were prevented by the very ſevere eaſterly winds and ſleety ſtorms, from purſuing their game to the leaſt advantage.

On Wedneſday the 1ſt of November, they threw off at Bear Grove, near Hare Hatch, with the ſame ſterility as on the day preceding. A continued, or rather *increaſed* ſeverity of the wind and weather, precluded every chance of *running* either of the brace of foxes they ſoon unkennelled

N. B. "*Spencers*," thoſe faſhionable utilities of the metropolis, ſported here no diſplay of *convenience* or *comfort*, even to the *frames* of *juvenility*.—GREAT COATS *only* were the *order* of the *day*.

On Friday the 3d, the elements being proportionally diveſted of their auſterity, they made a more ſucceſsful effort at the Shotteſbrook covert of Colonel Vanſittart, where the favourite hound, giving the *firſt* challenge, "*Stoic* to *Dragon*," was the "ſignal for general chace," and off they went in good ſtile acroſs the common, Great and Little Hares, Billingbear, Wheelers Coverts, Aſhridge Wood, and into a *drain* at Bill Hill, the ſeat of the Marquis of Blandford, from whence he was ſoon brought *to view*, and feaſted his inveterate foes with the *firſt blood* of the ſeaſon. Returning to the coverts of Mr. Sawyer at White Waltham, they ſoon unkennelled *a ſecond*, which was run into and killed, in a very handſome ſtile at Bourne Bridge, near Holyport.

On Monday the 6th, they threw off at Kidgeham Copſe, near Wokingham, where, inſtantly unkennelling a brace, the hounds *divided*, and "between *two ſtools*," the proverb was for ſome verified; but being at length collected, they drew off through Bear Wood, and to the Pheaſant Copſe, at Tontley, where hitting upon one of the foxes previouſly found, the pack being numerous, and the covert too cloſely ſurrounded for his breaking away, he was unluckily killed in a very few minutes after the *enlivening* burſt had held forth the *deceptive* hope of a good chace to a large field of eager expectants.

On Wedneſday the 8th, they met at the Shoulder of Mutton, Binfield, threw off, and ſoon unkennelled in Staverton's Great Wood, ran the coverts of Eaſthampſtead, and was killed near Billingbear, after a ſhort but very excellent chace without a check.

On Friday the 10th, threw off at Bear Grove, and, as before, (at the ſame ſpot) unkennelled immediately, laying cloſe at his bruſh for ſeveral rings in the *low coverts*, from whence finding it impoſſible to diſlodge him, and the ground ſo *ſtained* by running the *foil*, that the ſcent lay with *no certainty*, they drew off to Scarlet's Copſe, Aſſey Hill, and Biſham, concluding the

day

day without the probability of renewing their ſport.

On Saturday the 11th, they removed from Marlow to their kennel, at Gerrard's Croſs, from whence they alternately hunt their Hertfordſhire and Buckinghamſhire diſtricts, 'till ſome time after Chriſtmas, when they will again take their turn in the country they have juſt relinquiſhed.

DUELS AND LAW SUITS.

ON Friday morning, November 10, about ſeven o'clock, a duel was fought near Durdham Down, Briſtol, by Lieutenant-Colonel Sykes, of the Berkſhire Militia, and Mr. Charles Frederick Williams, an attorney of that City, when Colonel Sykes was wounded in the heel, a ball having lodged among the tendons. Mr. Williams had three very narrow eſcapes, as one ball tore away part of his cravat, another ſlightly wounded him juſt above the hip, and a third paſſed very near his head. Seven ſhots were diſcharged: one of Mr. Williams's piſtols miſſed fire. The diſpute aroſe in conſequence of a letter that appeared lately in the public papers, of which Mr. Williams avowed himſelf the author, containing ſome reflections on the behaviour of Colonel Sykes, at the Aſſembly-Room, a ſhort time ſince.

A Captain B. of the Royal Regiment of Artillery, lately returned from Gibraltar under an arreſt, has juſt been diſmiſſed the ſervice, for having, by report, whilſt in that garriſon, fought a duel with an officer of the ſame rank, in the corps of Royal Engineers, in which the latter was dangerouſly wounded. This having been the firſt duel fought from time immemorial by or between officers belonging to that honourable ſervice, the Honourable Board of Ordnance ſeems to have adjudged it prudent to reſort to ſevere meaſures, by way of example; ſo that the evil may be checked in its bud, and that the two corps, as they have been accuſtomed to do, may live harmoniouſly together, as well as within themſelves.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH,

Tueſday, Nov. 14.

Mr. Erſkine prayed the judgment of the Court on Mr. Redford, who had been found guilty of aſſaulting and challenging Dr. Vincent, on an indictment tried before Mr. Juſtice Lawrence, from whoſe notes it appeared that the defendant was an apothecary, at Frome, and the proſecutor a phyſician: that in the courſe of practice the phyſician was called in to a lady who was attended by the apothecary, with whoſe mode of treatment he was not perfectly ſatisfied, and expreſſed his ſentiments of diſapprobation to the defendant, and alſo, in the courſe of converſation, to ſeveral other perſons. In the ſpace of a few days he was ſent for to an inn, to attend a gentleman who was ill, as he was informed; but, on coming there, found the defendant and another gentleman. There were a brace of piſtols and a ſword lying on the table. The defendant, after much abuſe, inſiſted on the proſecutor's fighting him, which was refuſed. The defendant became violent and abuſive. At laſt the proſecutor left him in charge of a conſtable, and commenced this indictment, on which the defendant was found guilty.

Lord

Lord Kenyon recommended the parties to refer the matter for the decision of a Master; to which Mr. Erskine, on the part of the defendant, and Mr. Dallas for the prosecution, consented.

SPORTING CHARACTERS.

SIR CH. B—NB—Y

[A Character from the imitations of Shakespeare, published under the head of VORTIGERN AND ROWENA.]

"OH! he's the sportinge Sir, who, in the hey-daie of his youthfulle bloode, did race it o'er Tartarian plains with flyinge *Arrabs*, and left their whiskers distances behinde!—Nexte run he riotte through all the looser petticoates of *Salamanca*.—But now, forsoothe, he quests it soberlie on foote, to cull out dainties for his bedde and boarde! and, for the matter of that, they are not thrown away on him, who hath a dispensing hand, well fashioned to subdue the pressing wantes of others!"

DICK HODGES.

Old Dick Hodges, the gamester, who lately died at the West end of the town, left property to the amount of 50,000l. sterling. Mrs. Hodges, his widow, receives 400l. a year; the rest devolves to his nephew, an Officer of the 42d regiment.—Jennings, the Attornies of Shire-lane, Carey-street, two brothers, were appointed by the late Hodges, executors to his will, with a gratuity of 1000l. each.

Dick has, however, prohibited his nephew and heir from play; and, if it be discovered that he has at any time violated this rule, the Will enjoins that he shall not receive any pecuniary advantage from the estates for five years to come. Should the heir before the expiration of that period, be again induced to play, the pains and penalties are to be renewed for an additional five years.

ENGLISH HORSEMANSHIP AT BRUSSELS,

From a Note in ANTHONY PASQUIN's Pin Basket.

WHEN a celebrated Equestrian Professor was at Brussels, on his return from Paris, he solicited permission of the Lieutenant de Police to exhibit his feats for several nights, and the request was granted. On the first evening of the performance, in a sort of temporary Amphitheatre, the Chief of the Troop entered the ring, and addressed the company thus:—"Ladies and Gemmen,—but, damme, what signifies my calling you Ladies and Gemmen, you don't understand it,—so I say *Mounseers* and *Madams*, I have brought you the most surprising little *chaval* in all the world; but, zounds, I can't *parly voo*, or else I'd let you into the whole secret; but here comes Mr. Merryman—holloe, Mr. Merryman, can you *parly voo?* No, by G—d, Master: —So Mr. Merryman can't *parly voo*; well, well, the horses shall tell their own stories:—I intend to make this Poney a Physician, and that Dun a Master of the Ceremonies; this horse can dance the *Minevit de la Reane* as well as Sir Clement Cotrel or Vestris, &c. &c." And in this manner did he ridiculously vociferate before the most polished people in Brussels: not one of whom understood him, excepting

excepting Lady Cooper, Mr. Luttrel, Mr. Merry, and about a dozen Engliſh Ladies and Gentlemen, from whom I heard the ſtory, and who were convulſed with laughter at the brazen buffoonery of the noiſy dolt, who delivered his unintelligible jargon with the utmoſt confidence and *ſang froid!*

THEATRE.

COVENT GARDEN.

A New Comedy, called FALSE IMPRESSIONS, was performed at this Theatre on the night of November 23.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Jerry Scud (an Apothecary)	*Mr. Quick.*
Algernon	*Mr. Holman.*
Lawyer Earling	*Mr. Whitfield.*
Sir Oliv. Montrath	*Mr. Murray.*
Simon Single	*Mr. Munden.*
Emily Fitzallen	*Miſs Betterton.*
Mrs. Buckram	*Mrs. Davenport.*
Rachael	*Mrs. Norton.*
Jenny Scud	*Mrs. Knight.*
Lady Cypreſs	*Miſs Chapman.*

This Comedy is the acknowledged productions of Mr. Cumberland, and poſſeſſes many of thoſe beauties which diſtinguiſh his muſe from that of moſt of our modern writers. It has plot, and a copious fund of edifying ſentiment; but without much claim to brilliancy or wit, aptneſs of repartee, or eccentricity of humour, it has ſtill leſs to novelty of character, and to that peculiar intereſt which ariſes from incident. Yet devoid of theſe leading attractions, which it has of late been the faſhion to conſider as certain paſſports to theatrical applauſe, the Piece worked itſelf into the boſoms of the audience by the genuine and well-conducted energy of the plot, and above all, by the numerous and elegant paſſages of pure morality, which formed an irreſiſtible appeal to the feelings of juſtice and humanity.

In this kind of writing Mr. Cumberland has ever excelled, and though not altogether equal to what he has formerly been, his merit unqueſtionably towers above the weak pretenſions of his cotemporaries.

The title of the Play explains in a great degree the nature of the plot.

The ſtory is, that *Lady Cypreſs*, a rich widow, is alienated from her deſerving nephew, *Algernon*, by the inſidious calumnies of *Earling*, her attorney, who never ſaw him. *Emily*, the daughter of a brave officer who fell in India, is adopted by her; but this ingenuous girl having been reſcued from a raviſher by *Algernon*, pleads his cauſe, and is herſelf thrown off. *Algernon* having introduced himſelf into the Caſtle of *Lady Cypreſs* as a young man wanting a place, intereſts all the family. *Sir Oliver*, to whoſe nephew *Lady Cypreſs* intended to give her adopted child, returns from India; and through his means *Algernon* is able to expoſe the villainy of *Earling*, to reconcile his aunt, and the piece concludes with the marriage of the young couple, and the ſhame of *Earling*.

The ſerious ſcenes abound in the moſt affecting ſentiments, and in language highly finiſhed, but the Author has occaſionally indulged himſelf in comic effuſions, that debaſe the dignity of the ſubject, and form a moſt ludicrous contraſt to the general correctneſs with which he conducts his play.

There are alſo ſome quaintneſſes of ſtile which ſhould be omitted.

Yet

Yet with all these defects, we can say of *False Impressions* :—

" Non omnia apud priores meliora, sed nostra quoque ætas multa laudis imitanda posteris tulit."

To almost every one of the Performers the Author is highly indebted; but more peculiarly to Mr. Murray and Miss Betterton. The characters of *Sir Oliver Montrath* and of *Miss Emily Fitzallen*, as pourtrayed by these excellent Performers, are uncommonly attractive.

Miss Chapman, Quick, Holman, and Munden, were very successful in their respective parts.

The Epilogue possesses much merit in point of poetical composition, and though not exactly calculated for stage effect, Miss Betterton contrived to throw a spirit into it which could not be expected from the lines.

The following struck us as one of the happiest passages :—

Rigour, when just, he can, he will endure,
The stream is bitter, but the spring is pure ;
Candour, when candour haply he can meet,
Like Moses's rod can turn the bitter sweet.

The Play met with the most unqualified approbation of a respectable and numerous audience.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

IN the church-yard of Bathwick, is an Epitaph, of which the following is the first couplet, and which at first startled me as being apparently the confession of a reputed murderer :—

" By this inscription be it understood
" My occupation was—*in shedding blood.*"

The next, however, relieves us from our anxiety, and we find the deceased to have been neither more nor less than an honest butcher :

" And many a beast by me was weekly
" slain,
" Hunger to quell, and thousands to main-
" tain."

In the last couplet we are presented with a piece of religious wit, which, whether *mortuus* or *vivus loquitur*, I hope never to see imitated, as it not only borders, but *trenches* on the profane.

" Now here I rest from pain and sorrow
" free,
" In hopes of him—*who shed his blood for*
" *me* :"

Shall the blood of bulls and of goats—but I forbear to pursue the comparison.

This posthumous effusion of a poetical butcher, reminds me of several epitaphs or epigrams that have lain dormant in my mind for many a year, and which I shall produce to your consideration as they occur to me. The following, extracted from the chapter of Epitaphs in Camden's Remains, was written on the removal of Queen Elizabeth's body from Richmond to Whitehall, by water. Its quaintness far exceeds even the quaintness of Cowley :

" The Queen was brought *by water* to
" Whitehall :
" At every stroke, the oars did *tears* let fall,
" More clung about the barge. Fish under
" water
" *Wept* out their *eyes of pearl*, and *swam*
" *blind after*.
" I think the bargemen might with easier
" thighs
" Have rowed her thither *in her people's*
" *eyes*.
" For howsoe'er (thus much my thoughts
" have scann'd)
" *She'd come by water, had she come by land.*"

Now, Mr. Editor, I fairly challenge all our modern Poets, with Mr. Pye at their head, to produce any thing comparable to the above. Mr. Camden calls them *passionate doleful lines.* The idea of rowing the

the Queen's body from Richmond to Whitehall, is loyal at leaſt, if not poetical; and, if it be not very practicable, muſt at leaſt be allowed to be very marvellous.

But the Epitaph on Burbridge the actor, and contemporary with Shakeſpear, is ever memorable for its genuine wit and brevity. It is merely, "*Exit Burbridge.*"

LAW REPORT.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 24.

GAMING HOUSES.

MR. Garrow moved for a rule to ſhew cauſe why a criminal information ſhould not be filed againſt Joſeph Atkinſon and Mary his wife, for keeping a common gaming-houſe, at No. 15, under the Piazzas, Covent Garden; and alſo why John Shepherd, an attorney of that Court, and Theophilus Bellaſis, who had acted as his clerk, ſhould not anſwer the matters of the affidavit. That motion was ſupported by the affidavits of Thomas Holbrook, William Umfreville, and David White; for the truth of which, he ſaid, he was not reſponſible. If they were not true, they were a groſs, abominable, and ſcandalous libel on theſe parties; but if founded, they diſcloſed ſuch a caſe as would do more towards ſuppreſſing gaming-houſes, as well as another nuiſance which was not much leſs ---the extorting of immenſe ſums of money from thoſe who kept them--- than any meaſure hitherto adopted. The outlines of theſe affidavits were to this effect:---That Atkinſon and his wife had for a great number of years kept a common gaming-houſe, under the Piazzas, Covent Garden; that the courſe of carrying on that trade, was to give public magnificent dinners (called play-dinners) daily, to which cards of invitation were ſent to the clerks of merchants, bankers, and brokers in the city of London: that Atkinſon uſed to ſay that he liked citizens, whom he called *flats*, better than any one elſe, for when they had dined they played freely, and after they had loſt all their money, they had credit to borrow more. When he had *cleaned them out* (his friends, Mr. G. ſaid, who knew that he could not play any kind of game at cards, might be ſurpriſed how he had picked up ſuch phraſes. He ſaid he had found them in the affidavits); when the pigeons were completely plucked, they were ſent out to find ſome of their ſolvent friends. As ſoon as dinner was over, play was introduced, and till dinner time the next day different games at cards and dice, and E O, were continually going on in that houſe. It was ſtated, that Mr. Bellaſis had been for a great length of time a man of very infamous character, and was well known at Bow-ſtreet, where he had been charged with breaking into the counting-houſe of Sir James Saunderſon: that Bellaſis was ſometimes clerk and ſometimes client to J. Shepherd, and at other times Shepherd was proſecutor of thoſe who kept gaming-houſes, and Bellaſis attorney. It was ſo well underſtood by Sir William Addington, that theſe two men commenced proſecutions ſolely for the purpoſe of *huſh money*, and picking the pockets of defendants, that he refuſed to act. Upon the conviction of Atkinſon, and when on appeal the conviction was affirmed, Atkinſon ſaid to Holbrook, "Tom, do you know I was obliged to give theſe two thieves, Shepherd and Bellaſis, 100l. to get rid of my conviction." It was alſo ſtated, that Shepherd

Shepherd and Bellasis had on another occasion received 80l. They were also in the constant course of extorting large sums of money from others in the same situation with Atkinson. After the prosecutions had been commenced for some time, they were stopped by these men receiving large sums, and who never paid the King's share. Sometimes by defending, and sometimes by prosecuting, they had amassed immense sums of money. They undertook, for a certain specific sum, to defend against all prosecutions, the keepers of gaming-houses, and of unlicensed lottery-offices.

It was further stated, that Atkinson's house was the last gaming-house that the late unfortunate Weston frequented, and that a broker who had lately absconded for forgeries to a large amount, had lost a great deal of money in that house. There were various stratagems and devices used for enticing young men, who had been ruined, to come to the public dinners, for the purpose of bringing along with them their solvent friends. It was also expressly sworn, that gaming was carried on in Atkinson's house on the very day on which he had made an affidavit, when he was formerly before the Court, that he had completely abandoned the trade. It was farther sworn, that on Monday last, he gave a public dinner to the FLATS of the city. When constables went into this man's house, their arms were completely palsied, and immediately fell down into their breeches pockets. They were found to be totally disqualified for the discharge of their office, and away they went. A waiter of this house, of the name of Marshal, was at present confined by his master for having said, that his master's house ought to be burned for its iniquity; and also to prevent him from being a witness.

On this statement of facts, it was conceived necessary for the Court to interfere by a criminal information.

Lord Kenyon said, that at present the Court were only inclined to grant a rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against the four defendants, and Shepperd and Bellasis would attend the Court personally on shewing cause. The Court had no right to impose the task of prosecuting on any body, but they were extremely obliged to any person who brought such miscreants before them. If Atkinson had sworn in express terms, that he had left off gaming, if any body chose to commence a prosecution against him for PERJURY, the public would be very much obliged to them.---*Rule for an information granted.*

THE KING *v.* WILLIAM OLDFIELD.

[*See Page* 84.]

Mr. Const moved judgment on the defendant, who was convicted of keeping a gaming-house.

Mr. Bevan, for the defendant, moved, that on account of the indulgence which the Court had before shewn the defendant, he might be admitted to bail.

Lord Kenyon said, he thought this matter had been put off *sine die.*

Mr. Const stated, that on account of the defendant's seeming penitence and assurance of amendment, the prosecutors were induced to recommend him as an object of mercy; the Court accordingly indulged him by discharging him on his own recognizance, to appear when called on to receive judgment. Since this, however, he has been lately found in a common gaming-house, kept by a Mr. Serle,

Serle, under the Piazza, Covent Garden, by the Police Officers, in searching for disorderly persons, where they also found sixty-one silver pieces, a bag, and some ivory balls.

The defendant gave in an affidavit accounting for this, which stated, that he called at Serle's to enquire for a Gentleman who owed him a sum of money on an acceptance; that while talking to Mr. Serle, the constables came in and took him into custody; that he did not see or know of any gaming going forward; and that he had totally given up all concern, directly or indirectly, with gaming of any kind.

Lord Kenyon said, that the Court would not take this new matter into consideration; it was very unlikely that the defendant should be at a gaming house on lawful business at midnight; he must be committed on his former conviction, and brought up to receive judgment the third day of next term.

ENGRAVING.

HORNPIPE leaping over PEPPER POT, HIS RIDER, AND THE FARMER'S SON, AT LINCOLN RACES, FRIDAY THE 8TH OF SEPTEMBER 1797.

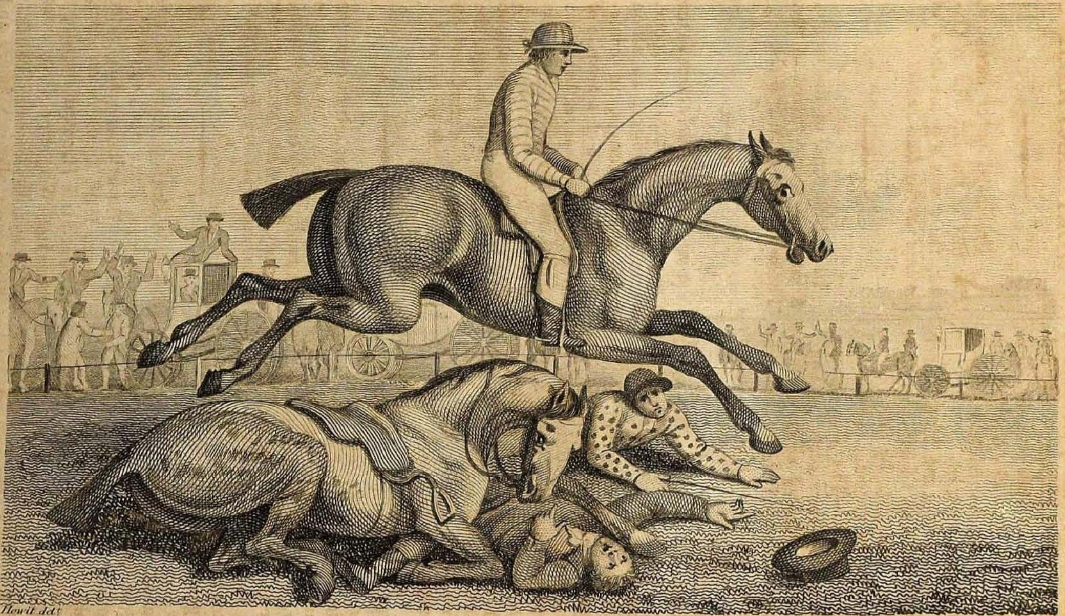
FOR the particulars of this accident, and the flying leap of Hornpipe, so spiritedly represented in the Copper-plate annexed, see our Magazine for September last, page 288.

THE ROUND TOWER.

ON Friday night, November 24, a new grand Ballet, called the ROUND TOWER; or, the CHIEFTAINS OF IRELAND, was performed for the first time at Covent Garden Theatre; it went off with universal applause: it is a superb spectacle, and enriched with some exquisite Irish music. The following is the stage account of this Ballet:

The *Round Tower*, or the *Chieftains of Ireland*, invented, and under the direction of Mr. Cross, is founded on the following historical fact:

Cobthach, Usurper of the throne of Munster, and murderer of his Sovereign and brother Laughaire, learns the existence of his brother's son Maon, and Moriat his wife, (who separated for some time under the idea of each other's decease, become, the former, the wild resident of a gloomy cavern; the latter, (a wandering fugitive) and employs Sitric, a Danish Chief, adopted as his heir, to destroy them. Moriat, on consulting a Druid, likewise learns her husband's fate, and dispatches Kildare, a faithful follower, in pursuit of him. Sitric, by accident, meets Moriat, is struck with her beauty, and relinquishes his design of murder, with the idea of gratifying his passion; she repulses him, and he is foiled by the sudden appearance of Cobthach; she and her infant imprisoned in an ancient Round Tower, from which, endeavouring to accelerate her escape, he is detected and abandoned by Cobthach.—In the interim, Kildare finds out Maon, who quits his lurking place, and journeying in pursuit of his wife, discovers the place of her confinement, to which Sitric proffers to lead him by a secret pass, determining to dispatch him on the road: they enter the Cemetary appertaining to the Round Tower, where he attempts several times to murder him, but is prevented by the appearance of Laughaire's apparition; at length they reach the dungeon, time enough to save Moriat; and Sitric, urged by love and revenge, stabs Cobthach; but recollecting



Hewit del.

J. Scott sculp.

Hornpipe *leaping over* **Pepperpot** *his Rider and the Farmers Son at* **Lincoln Races**

Friday the 8th Sept. 1797 -

Published Dec. 1, 1797, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

lecting he destroys one rival, only to render another happy, accuses Maon of the murder, and dooms him to death, which is timely prevented by the intervention of the faithful Kildare, and the Irish peasantry.—Sitric falls by the hands of Maon, who, with Moriat, are restored to happiness and dominion.

The Overture and Music principally new, with a selection of some noval Irish airs, by Mr. Reeve, composer of the music to Oscar and Malvina, &c.—The harp by Mr. Weippert. The scenery, comprehending a display of the most romantic views in Ireland, painted by Messrs. Richards, Phillips, Lupino, Hollogan and Blackmore. The machinery by Messrs. Creswell, Sloper and Gooftree. The dresses by Mr. Dick, Mrs. Egan, &c. Characters of the Ballet: Cobthach (Usurper of the Throne) Mr. Bologna; Sitric (a Danish Chief) Mr. Bologna, jun. (being their first appearance on this Stage); Kildare, Mr. Simpson; Danish Soldier, Mr. Dyke; Maon, Mr. Follet; Child, Master Blackmore; and Moriat, Mrs. Parker, (being her first appearance on this Stage.)

The principal vocal characters by Messrs. Townsend, Linton, Gray, Street, &c. Miss Sims, and Mrs. Clendining. The following are a part of the new Scenes, &c. The Ancient Temple, dedicated to Bel, the God of Fire, with the Flactaga, or Sacred Fire Burning. It having been enacted that, on the last evening of October, no other fire should be used throughout the kingdom, that all might be derived from that which being a Fire of Sacrifice, would render the rest propitious and holy. The Dargle, where the Irish Druids consulted their Oracle; a View near Wicklow; the Salmon Leap; entrance of a subterraneous Pass; Maon's Cavern; Cemetary and Dungeon, appertaining to the Round Tower, Moated Castle, &c.

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A Provincial paper mentions, that at the last fair at Oxford, there was a prime shew of *fat beasts* mostly *black cattle!*

In an Irish paper of this month, a marriage is mentioned of Mr. Thomas *Spider*, to Miss *Webb*.

A motion was lately made in the Court of King's Bench to postpone, to the ensuing Assizes, an action brought for damages, in consequence of a breach of a promise of marriage. This was resisted by the Counsel for the plaintiff on this *curious* but strong ground: he said, that, as the *fair delinquent* was no less than *eighty* years of age, she might die in the interim, and his client of course lose his *redress!*

A *Laundress* has advertised in one of the Daily papers, for a situation in a family; and, as proof of being properly qualified, mentions, that she has *washed one lady* for *nine* years!

On Wednesday Nov. 9, was married, at Holt chapel, near Wimborne, Dorsetshire, Mr. Peter Thomas Hart, aged *nineteen* years, to Mrs. Sarah Harris, of the King's Arms Inn, Wimborne, aged about *forty-two*. Mr. Hart was lately apprentice to a sadler in Salisbury, and has since been a Lieutenant in his Majesty's service; the *ci-devant*

 buxom

buxom widow, whom he has led to the hymeneal altar, has already buried *three* husbands, the second of whom was his uncle; his now wife was his sponsor at the baptismal font, and suckled him; so that it may be said he has married his *nurse*, his *aunt*, and his (foster) *mother!*

BIOGRAPHY.

In a modern publication, the *mother* of the hero of the piece is described in these words:—"She was, *indeed*, a help-meet for her pious and *laborious* husband. She bore him *nineteen children!*"

THANKSGIVING.

The clergyman of Beaumaris church, North Wales, on Sunday Nov. 19, after returning God thanks for Admiral Duncan's victory, and the capture of the Dutch, added, "We also thank thee, O God! for the late captures of *fine full-belly'd herrings* on our coasts."

The German Gazette, printed at Petersburgh, contains the following advertisement:—"To be sold, a new country-house, on the road to Czarskozelo. To be sold at the same time a *hind*, who is an excellent shoemaker, *with his wife and two children.*"

A curious lottery lately occurred at Bombay, and the principal *prizes* were such as would in this country make the fortunate adventurers look rather *blank*; they consisted of a young leopard, an hyæna, the cub of a black bear, from Borneo, and a raccoon, from Greenland, all in high health and keeping!

A ludicrous circumstance lately occurred in a parish church not far from Ipswich. A couple went to be married, accompanied by a friend who was to give the bride away; but such was the inattention of the clergyman, and such the ignorance of the intended bridegroom to the ceremonials, that the officiating father absolutely became the husband, while the intended husband did the duty of the father. The parties had left the church before an explanation took place; they, however, returned, and the ceremony was performed a second time.

Two hungry Londoners, returning to town on the top of a coach, from the late *Salt-water Jubilee*, applied to the coachman, requesting him to stop, that they might take something to fill the *hiatus* in their stomachs. The coachman refused, alledging, that he could make no stay on account of his *insides*. "Curse your *insides!*" rejoined the angry Cockney, "it is us that have most occasion to *take care* of our *insides!*"

PROPHANATION OF THE GODS.

An outrage and robbery, of a flagrant, of an *impious* nature, were committed a few evenings ago, in a beautiful garden adjoining ——. The hallowed residence of the *gods* was attacked and invaded, and their venerable *leaden* statues insulted and violated by some modern *Titans*, whose depredations are not to be contemplated without horror!

horror!—MARS, in spite of his terrific front, his spear and helmet, was laid prostrate on the ground!—Even MERCURY, the avowed patron of *thieves*, experienced no lenity. He was most ungratefully and barbarously treated. Neither the wings upon his *head* nor his *heels* could procure his flight;—and the former was almost severed from his body!—FAME was knocked off the pedestal upon which she had silently stood for, perhaps, half a century;—and, dire to tell!—*her trumpet is broken!*—We have only to add, that these daring wretches, failing, no doubt, in the chief part of their enterprize, succeeded, however, in carrying off the GOD OF LOVE!—He was the least, and the *lightest*, of the *Olympic* family, and being blind withal, probably fell an easy prey to villains, against whom his *darts* could be of no avail.—Some people think the garden may henceforth be a *safer* haunt for *young* people.—Be that as it may, it is the general hope, that the *vengeance* of the injured deities will pursue the spoilers, and disclose them for suitable punishment, if any may be found adequate to such atrocious crimes!

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.

Wanted, by a Lady of Quality amongst her servants, a full-grown woman, of a bad temper, violent passions, and ungovernable rage; she must be an adept in the art of boxing, millinery, lugging, hair-dressing, and stiff-starching, as she is to attend her ladyship's person—she must pen anonymous letters with the bitterness and accumen (if the expression may be allowed) of the devil—she must have studied the "Art of Tormenting" to refinement—her countenance and conduct must either be marked by consummate hypocrisy or overbearing pride, as occasion may serve: the small pox, large masculine features, and blue eyes—in short, an ugly expressive face would be preferred; strong nails and sharp teeth are excellent weapons of female defence—she must have no deficiency in her speech, but great volubility of tongue in case of violent ruptures—to conclude, she must be by nature and by art, a

PERFECT VIRAGO.

N. B. No persons subject to sudden squalls need apply, for her Ladyship being now advanced in life, finds the task too much for her nerves, and wishes to see the economy of the household still supported, as when she was in the zenith of her power.

We are inclined to think this advertisement should have been addressed to those females whose *passions* or other *deficiencies* have deprived them of the pleasure of matrimonial alliances (OLD MAIDS)—a great sowerer of the temper this!

The *profits* of a pharo-table constituted no inconsiderable article in the "ways and means" of supporting a fashionable establishment. Since, through the activity of the magistracy, and the ridicule of the press, this source has been destroyed, a certain Countess has been heard to exclaim with Falstaff—"Oh that my means were greater, and my *waist* less."

A malefactor lately effected his deliverance from the prison at Maidstone, through which a stream is suffered to pass, with a view to the health of the prisoners, but with a strong grating at the end for the purpose of preventing such attempt

tempts. The prisoner, however, swam down the stream, and made his way under this grating. A village lawyer, in the neighbourhood, made a *technical* and quaint report of the circumstances. He said, "that the culprit had taken *divers* means of escaping!"

MRS. MONTAGUE AND MR. FOX.

Mrs. Montague was lately conversing with Mr. Fox, *in her own house*; the subject probably was politics, at least there is no subject on which they are less likely to agree. In the course of their conversation the lady grew warm; at last she was so much nettled by some remark of Mr. Fox's, that she declared to him, she did not care three skips of a louse for him. Mr. Fox turned aside, and in a few moments produced the following impromptu:

Says Montague to me, and in her own house,
I do not care for you three skips of a louse.
I forgive it; for women, however well-bred,
Still talk most of that, which *runs most in their head.*

The following very laconic, but emphatic notice, is placed on the warehouse door of a respectable merchant and manufacturer, at Leeds—"No work here till peace."

Mr. Pitt's speech on Friday, November 24, did not abound much in elegant *metaphor*, though it must be acknowledged he introduced a great many *figures* into it.

Although Mr. Astley has obtained a seat in Parliament, and is just blest with a son and heir, he nevertheless experienced a complete *set-down* after the election on Wednesday, November 15; no one, it is true, opposed him, or *put a spoke in his wheel*, but by the dropping out *of the spokes of a coach wheel* in the streets of Norwich, Mr. Astley and his brother Knight of the Shire for Norfolk, Mr. Coke, were both *laid very low indeed!* It must, however, be consolatory to the friends of these gentlemen to find that they have not *fallen* in the estimation of their constituents, or received any personal injury by *sinking* from a situation so *elevated* to one so *reduced* as above described.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

PERSONS OF EXTRAORDINARY GREAT AGE.

WE hear from Borrowstounness, Scotland, that their Races, on Friday and Saturday the 3d and 4th instant, afforded excellent sport; particularly the Duke of Hamilton's Purse, and the Town's Purse, both very closely contested. The first was won by Mr. M'Gee's mare Betty, and the last by Mr. Bar's Struggler.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 21.

On Friday se'nnight in the morning, one of the privates of the Cinque Port Fencible cavalry, at present stationed at Kelso, Scotland, who was sentenced to receive that day a severe punishment for an act of theft, contrived to make his escape from the place of his confinement, and having found means to procure one of the horses belonging to the troop, he instantly mounted

mounted it and rode off.—A detachment of men was, as ſpeedily as poſſible, diſpatched in purſuit of him. He has hitherto been traced no farther than Haddington, at which place he left the tired horſe, and is ſuppoſed to have continued his flight on another belonging to the Eſſex Light Dragoons, a horſe having been advertiſed as ſtolen from that corps early on Friday morning; and a dragoon horſe, which appeared to have been very hard rode the preceding night, having been left in its room. From the time at which this man is known to have left Kelſo, and that of his horſe being diſcovered at Haddington, it is thought he muſt have rode the whole diſtance (thirty-five miles) in conſiderably leſs than three hours.

EDINBURGH, NOV. 25.

On Wedneſday laſt, the 15th, was ſhot at Gordon Caſtle, by the Duke of Gordon's gamekeeper, a woodcock of very uncommon variety: its quill feathers, which are twelve in each wing, are perfectly white, their coverts, both greater and leſſer, upon the upper ſide of the wing, are of the ſame colour; on the lower ſide of the wing the coverts are likewiſe white, except the three outermoſt feathers, which, together with thoſe upon the reſt of its body, are of the uſual plumage of the woodcock.

The following appeared in the Morning Poſt, Monday, Nov. 27. We ſhall ſcarcely receive an account of the iſſue of the match in time to report it in our preſent month's Magazine, but will certainly give it in the next, in which it is probable we may alſo give a Portrait of Copperbottom from an original painting:

A match, to be run over Aſcot Heath, on Wedneſday, November 29, by the celebrated poney, Copperbottom, late the property of Mr. Weſtleck, and Mr. Hart's Galloway, Jack of all Trades, famous for three paces, four mile heats, for a hundred Guineas. The Galloway will be open at Aſcot to accept any challenge that may offer, from the owner of any horſe, mare or gelding, that does not exceed his height, thirteen hands three inches, three paces, for any moderate ſum; or is ready to carry ten ſtone againſt Copper, and all other Poneys carrying trotters, the three paces. The Galloway is a bay cropt gelding, five years old, can ride well, and goes remarkably quiet and ſteady in harneſs; to be ſold either before or after the match.

INGLEWOOD HUNT AND PENRITH RACES.

On Saturday the 28th of October concluded the ſports at Penrith, which had been kept up during the week with a degree of life and ſpirit ſeldom equalled. The races, we are ſorry to ſay, were not ſuch as that town has uſually witneſſed; but the lovers of the chace had never a higher treat than was afforded them by a ſtag of the red kind, which was turned out upon the fell, amidſt ſome thouſands of ſpectators, and which was taken in the woods near Melkinthorp, after a noble chace of about two hours, in which he is calculated to have run from twenty-five to thirty miles.---The head was brought into the town by Colonel Maxwell, of the Dumfries-ſhire Light Dragoons, and Mr. Dixon, of Calthwaite, (the two victors

tors of the day) preceded by French horns, &c.---The weather was unusually fine, and every circumstance (the races excepted) concurred to promote the festivity of the week, leaving the minds of the company fully impressed with the Inglewood motto, "mirth and good humour." The ordinaries and assemblies were remarkably well attended; and, from the polite attention of the stewards, and the gay assemblage of beauty and fashion, they went off with an eclat highly delighting. A handsome subscription was set on foot for the ensuing year, and Hugh Parkin, Esq. and Henry Redhead, Esq. were chosen stewards.

CUMBERLAND HUNT AND CARLISLE RACES

Concluded on Saturday, Nov. 4, after affording a week of ample diversion, of both kinds. The company was numerous and respectable; and the sports of the field proved excellent. The balls and assemblies, as usual, displayed an assemblage of beauty and fashion; the ordinaries abounded with that social spirit and harmony which this meeting never fails to inspire; and every part of the amusements was conducted in the most agreeable manner.

At the Court Leet and Court Baron of the manor of Winkfield, in Windsor Forest, held in October, it appeared there were three officers of the manor present in good health, whose ages, in conjunction, amounted to two hundred and fifty-three years, viz. Judge Hayes, steward, and William Greening, crier, each eighty-five; and John Cock, game-keeper, eighty-three; and what is equally remarkable, they display no appearance of infirmity, wear no spectacles, use no stick, and are supposed capable of walking any reasonable number of miles, (if judgment may be formed from appearances) as soon as any three of equal ages in the kingdom.

On the 5th of Nov. a young man, servant to Mr. Milward, of Hastings, was terribly wounded by the bursting of a blunderbuss, which he had loaded for the purpose of rejoicing. He had tied the piece to a post, fearful of what might happen, and meant to have fired it by means of a string tied to the trigger, at a secure distance; but the line having hung to his button, the blunderbuss went off and, was shattered into a thousand pieces before he had effected his escape.

The following circumstance lately occurred in Philadelphia.—A man was cited before a magistrate by his wife, whom he had ill-treated; but instead of contrition for his misconduct, he abused the Justice, and threatened renewed violence on his liberation. The magistrate, to punish and deter him for the purpose, ordered him to be let down into a dungeon, and there to spend the night. In the morning his keeper called him repeatedly, but not answering, a man descended with a light, and found, (shocking to relate) that he had been literally devoured by rats.

A Captain of the Guards won lately at billiards *eight hundred* pounds in the course of one night, at Winchester.

His

His Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales was at Newmarket on Wedneſday, November 15, and hunted with Sir Grey Cooper's hounds, when a bag-fox was turned out at Lord Orford's Folly, amidſt a great concourſe of noblemen and gentlemen. The field conſiſted of upwards of two hundred horſemen. After the day's ſport, with which his Royal Highneſs was highly delighted, he dined at Thomas Panton's, Eſq. with ſeveral of the nobility and gentry.

The amiable Counteſs of Derby attends her Lord every morning to his horſe, to enjoy the *ſports of the field*, and often preſides while "*the hungry hunters*" are at breakfaſt at the Oaks.

Monday, Nov. 13, a fox, after a hard chace, being cloſely purſued by the Duke of Richmond's hounds, near Goodwood, ran into a rabbit burrow, and was followed by one of the dogs. On being dug for, both reynard and the dog were found dead, at the diſtance of about ſix feet from the entrance of the burrow.

At Corwen hunt, a hare, after a chace of ſixteen miles, or more, right before the hounds, being hard run, fled for refuge to Uchledref Court, from thence through a long paſſage into the parlour, and ſuffered herſelf (without the leaſt reſiſtance) to be taken up by a lady who was then ſitting there. But poor puſs being overpowered with fatigue, on the arrival of the hounds and huntſman, ſhe drew her laſt breath on the lady's lap! otherwiſe ſhe might have been a laſting monument to the clemency of her fair protector.

Since Lord Berkeley's defeat in the Court of King's Bench, (where he was ſo completely *Erſkined*) the poachers ſeem determined to abate his Lordſhip's *violence* in the protection of his game, by *kindly* leaving his keepers no game to protect. They are ſo individually and jointly alert in ſecuring a *plenty* for the *public* from the *reſerves* of his Lordſhip's ſuperflux, that with exulting and uncontrouled impunity, their avocation is made

——— ——— " As public as
" The noon-day ſun, air, earth, water,
" Or any common benefit of nature."

Each adventurer exclaiming,

" The villainy you teach us we will execute,
" And it ſhall go hard, but we'll better the example."

CHORUS

" Since laws were made for ev'ry degree,
" To curb vice in others, as well as in we,
" I wonder we han't better company
UPON TYBURN TREE."

The celebrated poney, Copperbottom, the property of Mr. Weſtlake, of Wincheſter, is at length diſpoſed of, for eighty guineas, to a gentleman who is going with her to Scotland.

On a Sunday lately, while the Miniſter was reading prayers in Llanen church, Cardiganſhire, a hare was ſtarted by two dogs from under the church coffer, and chaced ſeveral times round the inſide of the church, during which, the poor panting creature endeavoured to find ſhelter again under the coffer, but in vain; ſhe fell a victim to her purſuers, who thought it no harm for once to take a dinner in church. It is ſuppoſed the hare came in on a Saturday night when the ſexton was cleaning the pews.

A few days ſince the keeper killed a hare, in the wood near the horſe courſe, belonging to Andrew Corbet, Eſq. of Shawbury Park, Salop, which weighed rather more than 9lbs. but what is ſingular, ſhe was nearly white, very little of the original colour being left. The cauſe of this change, it is imagined, proceeded from her being over-heated in a hard courſe which ſhe ſuſtained about two years ago with a leaſh of grey-hounds, and though the courſe was very long, and one of the dogs caught the hare and died whilſt ſhe was in his mouth, yet ſhe then made her eſcape. The other two dogs were in all appearance dead by fatigue, but by being immediately bled and properly treated, they recovered. As a proof of its being the ſame hare, ſhe had loſt half her ſcut, as appeared when ſhe was killed. She was often ſeen, and taken at laſt by a pointer, in her form. Her ſkin is preſerved as a curioſity.

A wanton act of barbarity was committed a few days ſince, in a field near Saliſbury: a mare having been left to graze in a field, was found on Monday morning, October 23, with her belly ripped up ſo that her bowels came out, and juſt expiring. The proprietor has offered a reward of ten guineas for the diſcovery of the monſters guilty of this villainous action.

A few days ago, an eagle, of the ring-tailed kind, was ſhot near Elſdon, in Northumberland. It meaſures, between the tips of the wing, ſix feet eight inches. Mr. Wallis, in his hiſtory, ſtates, that there was formerly an aerie of eagles on Cheviot, in Northumberland; but there have not lately been any known between Borrowdale, in Cumberland, and the Highlands of Scotland.

Cuckows, which are emigrants to this country, are ſuppoſed generally to leave it about the latter end of June. One, however, was heard to repeat his monotonous note the beginning of this month, near Sparham, in Suffolk, ſeveral times, by different perſons.

The following remarkable fact, a due attention to which may be the means of preſerving the life of many a human being, cannot be too generally known.—On Wedneſday laſt, the only child of Stephen Friar Gilham, Eſq. of Shenfield, Burntwood, about a month old, was ſeized with a convulſive fit, which, in a ſhort time, became ſo violent, that every moment was expected to be its laſt. As a dernier expedient, one of the ſervants procured a pigeon, and, having plucked the feathers from its breaſt, applied that part of it to the pit of the child's ſtomach, who was by this time apparently dead. At the expiration of ten minutes the pigeon ſeemed much convulſed, and ſome ſymptoms of recovery were perceptible in the child.—From this happy appearance the remedy was continued for near three quarters of an hour, when the infant completely recovered, and the pigeon became ſo violently convulſed, that it was with much difficulty the ſervants could hold it. In a few minutes after it died in the utmoſt agony, having effectually extracted that pain from the child which proved its own deſtruction.

An alligator of an enormous ſize was killed lately near Mulno Haut, in the river Houghly. The monſter was

was basking on the bank; a two-ounce ball from a rifle-barrel stunned him so completely, that he was quickly finished with a hog-spear; he had long infested the neighbourhood, measured twenty feet in length, and several pounds of silver and brass ornaments were found in his body.

A seaman belonging to the Mary and Nelly, of Whitehaven, lost on the coast of Ireland, saved himself by swimming: he was much exhausted, and when recovered, he said, he could have swam easily to land, but for the mistaken endeavours of a large Newfoundland dog to save him: the faithful animal, to urge his speed to the beach, kept pushing him forward with his feet, in such a manner as plunged him continually under water.

SPORTING, NATURAL HISTORY, &c.

The beginning of this month, an otter, of an uncommonly large size, (after a severe conflict, in which it almost destroyed three dogs) was killed by a shot from a gun, in Morresby, in Cumberland.

Tuesday, Nov. 14, a large snipe being pursued up the river Avon by a bird of prey, made its escape from it by flying into a house on the Quay, Bath, and was taken in the parlour alive.

A terrible battle was fought at Islington, on Wednesday the 1st of November, between Samuel Housley, a publican, and a blind beggar; which, after a severe conflict of more than one hour, the blind man actually proved victorious, to the no small diversion of the populace.

A person of the name of John Taylor, on the 19th of October, ran three miles in seventeen minutes, on the Harrow road, for a wager of twenty guineas. The bets were five to three against him.

One day last month, a most unnatural contest for strength and agility took place between father and son, at Maldon, in Essex, which ended in a severe battle, and both are so exceedingly bruised, that they keep their beds.

A FAMILY PARTY.

On the 25th of October, a man was committed to Oakham gaol, for bastardy; and on the Friday following, his father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, and aunt, were all committed to the same prison as vagrants.

Tuesday morning, Nov. 14, a trotting-match took place on Kingsland road for fifty pounds, between Mr. Mifflin's chesnut mare, and a famous bay horse, the property of Mr. Stunnel, both of Old-street road, the latter of which lost, owing to the obstinacy of the rider.

COCKNEY'S SHOOTING.—The general ridicule thrown on the citizens of London, who affect to be sportsmen, appears to be without foundation: as a proof, we hear from Chertsey, in Surrey, that a short time since Mr. Ch—w—r, silversmith, of Paternoster-row, and

and another gentleman of the name of E—s, went out to kill partridges, attended by a neighbouring labourer as markſman. The dog pointed, the bird roſe, and the latter gentleman fired, and not only killed the bird, but ſhot out one of the eyes of the markſman. Mr. E. has humanely allowed the labourer fifteen ſhillings weekly ever ſince the accident, and will, (though he cannot furniſh him with a new eye) pay for his cure.

Thomas William Coke, Eſq. ſhot on his manor at Warham, on Saturday October 7, within a mile circumference, forty brace of partridges in eight hours, at ninety-three ſhots; every bird was killed ſingly. The day before, on the ſame ſpot, he killed twenty-two brace and an half in three hours.

At Kendal, on Monday Nov. 5, in conſequence of the anniverſary of the Gunpowder-plot, bonfires, &c. were made in ſeveral parts of the town, and muſkets, piſtols, &c. were fired in abundance in all quarters and directions:—amidſt this confuſion and din, a young man of the name of Empſon, fired a fowling-piece, the charge or wadding of which ſtruck a young woman, called Eleanor Bouſfield, at about the diſtance of two yards, and mangled her ſkull in a manner too ſhocking too relate. She expired in leſs than half an hour! An inqueſt was taken on the body, before Robert Harriſon, Eſq. coroner, and the jury found a verdict of manſlaughter. Empſon was immediately taken up, and committed to Appleby gaol, to take his trial at the next aſſizes. Several other people were wounded by the ſame piece, but (it is hoped) not dangerouſly. The charge, or wadding, which cauſed the inſtant death of an innocent young woman, was wet paper, cloſely rammed, and ſufficient, it is ſuppoſed, to have pierced a three-quarter-inch deal-board.

The debts proved under Mr. Martindale's commiſſion amounted to 328,000l.—Some other *driblets*, called debts of honour, have been ſtruck off by the Counſel for the Creditors, to the amount of One Hundred and Fifty Thouſand Pounds.

Martindale's failure is ſaid to be owing to the placing the moſt implicit confidence in a ſubordinate, who robbed him of thouſands. The purchaſe of an eſtate of 500l. a year was the firſt indication of the nefarious tranſaction of the perſon alluded to; but purchaſe after purchaſe had followed to a conſiderable extent; and it was ſoon diſcovered that the Faro Bank had been robbed to the tune ſometimes of *Two Thouſand Guineas a week*.

On Saturday Nov. 18, a pig about eleven months old, which had been that morning carried in a cart, covered with a ſack, from Mr. Pemberton's farm at Cleadon, to his houſe at Barnes, near Sunderland, a diſtance of nearly ſix miles, made its eſcape from the place of confinement, and all ſearch for it proved fruitleſs: it was traced nearly to Paliion by the ſide of the river Wear, which it muſt have croſſed by ſwimming on Monday, as it returned to the fold from which it had been taken, at Cleadon, about noon, on Tueſday.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

FRANK HAYMAN.

A TALE*.

BY MR. TAYLOR.

FRANK HAYMAN, once a brother of the Brush,
Had talents much distinguish'd in his day,
But for his art he hardly car'd a rush,
If some odd mischief stumbled in his way.

This Wag was deem'd by all the Social Tribe
A jovial, easy, careless, pleasant fellow,
Fond of a frolic, ready at a gibe,
And sometimes in his cups a little mellow.

There is a famous Place, yclept VAUXHALL,
Where Cits, good folks, regale with merry hearts,
And oft to busy Waiters eager bawl,
For fresh supplies of Ham, and Beef, and Tarts.

There may you see of Boxes many a row,
For such as like to sup in state design'd,
With Pictures deck'd, that make a goodly show;
Now in these Pictures HAYMAN's skill we find.

* This Tale was intended for recitation during the Lent Season, at the Haymarket Theatre, but Mr. COLMAN was not permitted to bring forward the Entertainment he proposed. He has however since favoured the Public with the humourous productions he wrote for the occasion, under the Title of MY NIGHT-GOWN AND SLIPPERS.

There old JACK FALSTAFF, guilty of a lie,
Attempts his bragging cowardice to screen;
There, with the sage Magician, NELL we spy,
While surly JOBSON low'rs with jealous spleen.

And there too may Remembrance fondly trace,—
Ah! sweet reflection to the pensive mind,
The simple pleasures of a careless Race,
Ere yet they learn to prey upon their kind.

The Shuttle-cock, that like AMBITION flies,
Driv'n by contending Factions to and fro;
The blinded Boy, who wanders by surmise,
True emblem of our darkling state below:

And other pastimes of our early days
Recal, in various scenes, life's jocund May,
Where e'en the proud Philosopher might gaze,
And envy Ignorance its thoughtless play.

Oh! INFANCY, whate'er thy fortune, gay,
Whom no sad records of THE PAST annoy,
THE PRESENT wrapt in frolics of the day,
And all thy FUTURE but to-morrow's joy.

But in a spacious Room, ROTUNDA hight,
Where all the crowd with gaping wonder roam,
There HAYMAN's genius wings a prouder flight,
And British triumphs decorate the Dome.

Here Asia's Tribes submit to English Bands,
While all the Blacks and Whites seem quite alive;
And here great Albion's Chief superior stands,
MEER JAFFIER, a *mere nothing* to Lord CLIVE.

Here

Here AMHERST, too, a fav'rite Son of Fame,
Shews the true temper of a British breast,
Not more awake to Valour's active flame,
Than prompt with zeal to succour the Distrest.

And other Martial Heroes too are there;
GRANBY, who rears his head in naked grace—
A head that could not miss the wither'd hair,
Since Wreaths of deathless Laurels crown the place.

There heads of Naval Heroes, wond'rous sight,
And floating on the billows, just like fishes;
A host of heads, with powder'd locks bedight,
Borne up by Nereids, or on buoyant dishes.

Are not a face among them sinking dreads,
But on they glide together full of glee;
Nor need we wonder that they *raise their heads*,
Since BRITONS find *their element* at Sea.

At length, to dignify a train so dear,
And to compleat the splendour of the scene,
A sight that ev'ry Loyal Breast must cheer,
A PATRIOT MONARCH, and a VIRTUOUS QUEEN.

But now, methinks, some Critic, with a smile,
Exclaims, "But where's the Story all this "while?
"Why all this tedious stuff about VAUX-"HALL,
"When ev'ry body here has seen it all?
"What more of this FRANK HAYMAN "shall we know,
"We knew he was a Painter long ago?"

Dull Snarler, Writers for the Stage,
When they the Passions would engage,
Announce, with previous art,
Some fav'rite Part,
Who when he comes is better able,
To make a figure in the Fable.
Now if this hint should not explain
Our Proëm to thy torpid brain,
Stop where you are—my friend adieu—
The Story was not made for you.
Yet, as some wiser folks may say,
The Prologue's longer than the Play,
'Tis time to check the rambling Muse,
Who thus her idle Tale pursues.

FRANK HAYMAN, tempted by a pleasant day,
After a long contention with the Gout,
A foe that oft besieg'd him, sallied out,
To breathe fresh air, and while an hour away.
It chanc'd as he was strolling, void of care,
A drunken Porter passed him with a Hare.

The Hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind, in piteous plight,
And as he crept, in zig-zag style,
Making the most of ev'ry mile,
From side to side poor Pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A Dog, who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry Politician,
On the look-out was lurking close behind;
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like Politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At any thing that fell.

The Porter stagger'd on, the Dog kept near,
Watching the lucky minute for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back with fear,
While HAYMAN follow'd, titt'ring at the sight.

Great was the contrast 'twixt the Man and Dog,
The one a negligent and stupid lout,
That seem'd to know not what he was about,
The other keen, observant, all agog.
Nor need it wonderment excite, I ween,
That HAYMAN clos'd the train to mark the scene.

Through many a street our tipsey Porter reels,
Then stops—as if to solemn thought inclin'd—
The watchful Dog was ready at his heels,
And HAYMAN hobbled on, nor far behind.

Then rolling on again, the man survey'd
One of those happy mansions where
A cordial drop imparts its cheering aid
To all the thirsty Sons of Care.

The sight of this refreshing place,
The scent that hails him from the door,
Arrest at once his rambling pace—
As they had often done before.

Mine Host, with accents that were won-d'rous kind,
Invites him in, a jolly crew to join,
The man the gen'rous courtesy declin'd,
Merely perhaps for want of thirst—or *coin*.

Strait on a bench without he stretch'd along;
Regardless of the passing throng,
And soon his weary eye-lids close,
While SOMNUS sooths him to repose.
The Hare now prostrate at his back,
This was the time to get a snack.

The

The Dog, unable longer to refrain,
Gaz'd at the Hare,
Who caus'd his care,
Jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, jumpt and bit, and bit again.
At length, when he had clear'd away the rest,
The sated spoiler finish'd on the breast.

Then having made a hearty meal,
He careless turn'd upon his heel,
Nor thought of asking "*What's to pay?*"
But scamper'd at his ease away;
Perhaps to find some four-foot fair,
And tell the story of the Hare.

And here some Sage, with moral spleen, may say,
"This HAYMAN should have driv'n the "Dog away.
"Th' effects of vice the blameless should "not bear,
"And folks who are not drunkards lose "their Hare."

All this, we grant, is very true—
But in this giddy world how few
To VIRTUE's heights sublimely move,
Relinquishing the things they love.

Not so unfashionably good,
Our waggish Painter laughing stood,
In hopes more sport to find;
Dispos'd to keep in view his game,
And with th' ambitious Thane exclaim,
"*The greater is behind.*"

Besides, he knew, whate'er the plan
That tempts the fond pursuits of Man,
Though Pleasure may the course attend,
The WISE are heedful of *the end.*

Hence, though of mirth a lucky store,
So aptly tumbled in his way,
Yet still he linger'd after more,
And thus he said, or seem'd to say.

"How will the people fret and scold
"When they the *bony wreck* behold!
"And how the drunken rogue will stare
"When first he sees *what was the Hare!*
"The *dénouement* must needs be droll—
"'Twere folly not to see the whole."
Presuming thus on future pleasure,
HAYMAN kept post to wait the sleeper's leisure.

At length, our Porter's slumber o'er,
He jogg'd on, tottering, as before;
Unconscious any body kind
Had eas'd him in his load behind.
Now on the houses turn'd his eye,
As if his journey's end were nigh,
Then read the paper in his hand
And made a stand——

HAYMAN drew near, with eager mien,
To mark the closing of the scene,
Expecting strait a furious din,
His features ready for a grin.

And now we need but mention one thing more,
To shew how well he must have lik'd the whim,
Though drunk, our Porter hit at last the door,
And HAYMAN found the Hare *was sent to him.*

MORAL.

A wise old Proverb says, "To others do,
"E'en as you would those others should to you—"
Now had our Painter mark'd this rule with care,
He, not the Dog, had din'd upon the Hare.

THE COUNTRY LIFE—A SONG.

BY CAPTAIN MORRIS.

Tune—"A Cobler there was."

IN London I never knew what to be at,
Enraptur'd with this, and transported with that;
I'm wild with the sweets of Variety's plan,
And Life seems a blessing too happy for man!

But the Country, (Lord bless us) sets all matters right,
So calm and composing from morning to night;
Oh! it settles the stomach, when nothing is seen
But an ass on a common—a goose on a green!

In London, how easy we visit and meet!
Gay pleasure's the theme, and sweet smiles are our treat;
Our mornings a round of good humour delight;
And we rattle in comfort and pleasure all night!

In the Country, how pleasant our visits to make,
Thro' ten miles of mud, for formality's sake;
With the coachman in drink, and the moon in a fog,
And no thought in our head—but a ditch or a bog!

In London, if folks ill-together are put,
A Boar may be roasted, a Quiz may be cut.
In the Country your friends would feel angry and sore,
Call an Old Maid a Quiz, or a Parson a Bore.

In

In the Country you're nail'd, like a pale in your park,
To some stick of a neighbour cramm'd into the ark;
Or, if you are sick, or in fits tumble down,
You reach Death ere the Doctor can reach you from town.

I've heard that how Love in a Cottage is sweet,
When two hearts in one link of soft sympathy meet:
I know nothing of that: for alas, I'm a swain
Who requires (I own it) more links to my chain!

Your Jays and your Magpies may chatter on trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves if they please:
But a House is much more to my mind than a Tree;
And for Groves, Oh! a fine grove of chimneys for me!

In the evening you're screw'd to your chairs fist to fist,
All stupidly yawning at Sixpenny Whist:
And, tho' win or lose, 'tis as true as 'tis strange,
You've nothing to pay, the good folks have no change.

But, for sitting and piping your time to engage,
You've Cock and Hen Bullfinches coop'd in a cage;
And what music in nature can make you so feel
As a Pig in a gate stuck, or Knife-grinder's wheel!

I grant, if in fishing you take much delight,
In a punt you may shiver from morning to night;
And, tho' blest with the patience that Job had of old,
The Devil a thing do you catch—but a cold!

Yet 'tis charming to hear, just from boarding school come,
A tit-up tune up an old family strum:
She'll play God save the King with an excellent tone,
With the sweet variation of Old Bob and Joan!

But, what tho' your appetite's in a weak state,
A pound at a time they will push on your plate:
'Tis true, as to health you've no cause to complain,
For they'll drink it, God bless 'em, again and again.

Then in Town let me live, and in Town let me die;
But, in truth, I can't relish the Country—not I.
If I must have a villa in London to dwell,
O! give me the sweet shady side of Pall Mall!

EPIGRAM,

On riding a Horse by the Way of Trial, which the Owner strenuously recommended both for SPEED and BOTTOM.

YOU say that your Horse has both BOTTOM and SPEED,
And you'll find by the subsequent Lines, 'tis agreed:
As his SPEED, by experience I very well know,
For he'll STAND STILL as fast as another can GO;
And, if to bear Beating, doth BOTTOM display,
You may beat till your Arms ake—he'll not run away.

But I frankly confess, though not ACTIVE in motion,
No Saint is more passive, or prone to DEVOTION:
And as all those good points none possess more than HE,
I return him to YOU, for he's too good for ME.

BRUSH.

ON A PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS MARY, IN THE CHARACTER OF AN ARTIST.

By PETER PINDAR.

FAIR Maid, accept a verse from him,
Well known amid the world of whim
For making MIGHTY FOLK his sport.
Yet let him meet a *glimpse* of merit—
He catches up his harp with spirit,
And praises THAT amidst a *Court*!

'Tis true that Courts are fat hot beds,
Engend'ring reptiles and rank weeds,
Which Satire's scythe will ne'er keep under,
But, lo, a charming ROSE art thou;—
Receive then, NYMPH, the POET's bow,
For giving to the world—a WONDER!